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Romola.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

ROMOLA'S WAKING.



ROMOLA in her boat passed from dreaming into long deep sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming, till at last she felt herself stretching out her arms in the court of the Bargello, where the flickering flames of the tapers seemed to get stronger and stronger till the dark scene was blotted out with light. Her eyes opened, and she saw it was the light of morning. Her boat was lying still in a little creek: on her right hand lay the speckless sapphire-blue of the Mediterranean; on her left one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again, like a sweet rhythm, on the shores of that loveliest sea.

In a deep curve of the mountains lay a breadth of green land, curtained by gentle tree-shadowed slopes leaning towards the rocky heights. Up these slopes might be seen here and there, gleaming between the tree-tops, a pathway leading to a little irregular mass of building that seemed to have clambered in a hasty way up the mountain-side, and taken a difficult stand there for the sake

of showing the tall belfry as a sight of beauty to the scattered and clustered houses of the village below. The rays of the newly-risen sun fell obliquely on the westward horn of this crescent-shaped nook: all else lay in dewy shadow. No sound came across the stillness; the very waters seemed to have curved themselves there for rest.

The delicious sun-rays fell on Romola and thrilled her gently like a caress. She lay motionless, hardly watching the scene; rather, feeling simply the presence of peace and beauty. While we are still in our youth there can always come, in our early waking, moments when mere passive existence is itself a Lethe, when the exquisiteness of subtle indefinite sensation creates a bliss which is without memory and without desire. As the soft warmth penetrated Romola's young limbs, as her eyes rested on this sequestered luxuriance, it seemed that the agitating past had glided away like that dark scene in the Bargello, and that the afternoon dreams of her girlhood had really come back to her. For a minute or two the oblivion was untroubled; she did not even think that she could rest here for ever, she only felt that she rested. Then she became distinctly conscious that she was lying in the boat which had been bearing her over the waters all through the night. Instead of bringing her to death, it had been the gently lulling cradle of a new life. And in spite of her evening despair she was glad that the morning had come to her again, glad to think that she was resting in the familiar sunlight rather than in the unknown regions of death. *Could* she not rest here? No sound from Florence would reach her. Already oblivion was troubled; from behind the golden haze were piercing domes and towers and walls, parted by a river and enclosed by the green hills.

She rose from her reclining posture and sat up in the boat, willing, if she could, to resist the rush of thoughts that urged themselves along with the conjecture how far the boat had carried her. Why need she mind? This was a sheltered nook where there were simple villagers who would not harm her. For a little while, at least, she might rest and resolve on nothing. Presently she would go and get some bread and milk, and then she would nestle in the green quiet, and feel that there was a pause in her life. She turned to watch the crescent-shaped valley, that she might get back the soothing sense of peace and beauty which she had felt in her first waking.

She had not been in this attitude of contemplation more than a few minutes when across the stillness there came a piercing cry; not a brief cry, but continuous and more and more intense. Romola felt sure it was the cry of a little child in distress that no one came to help. She started up and put one foot on the side of the boat ready to leap on to the beach; but she paused there and listened. the mother of the child must be near, the cry must soon cease. But it went on, and drew Romola so irresistibly, seeming the more piteous to her for the sense of peace which had preceded it, that she jumped on to the beach and walked many paces before she knew what direction she would take. The cry, she thought, came

from some rough garden growth many yards on her right hand, where she saw a half-ruined hovel. She climbed over a low broken stone fence, and made her way across patches of weedy green crops and ripe but neglected corn. The cry grew plainer, and, convinced that she was right, she hastened towards the hovel; but even in that hurried walk she felt an oppressive change in the air as she left the sea behind. Was there some taint lurking amongst the green luxuriance that had seemed such an inviting shelter from the heat of the coming day? She could see the opening into the hovel now, and the cry was darting through her like a pain. The next moment her foot was within the doorway, but the sight she beheld in the sombre light arrested her with a shock of awe and horror. On the straw, with which the floor was scattered, lay three dead bodies, one of a tall man, one of a girl about eight years old, and one of a young woman whose long black hair was being clutched and pulled by a living child—the child that was sending forth the piercing cry. Romola's experience in the haunts of death and disease made thought and action prompt: she lifted the little living child, and in trying to soothe it on her bosom, still bent to look at the bodies and see if they were really dead. The strongly marked type of race in their features and their peculiar garb made her conjecture that they were Spanish or Portuguese Jews, who had perhaps been put ashore and abandoned there by rapacious sailors, to whom their property remained as a prey. Such things were happening continually to Jews compelled to abandon their homes by the Inquisition: the cruelty of greed thrust them from the sea, and the cruelty of superstition thrust them back to it.

"But surely," thought Romola, "I shall find some woman in the village whose mother's heart will not let her refuse to tend this helpless child—if the real mother is indeed dead."

This doubt remained, because while the man and girl looked emaciated and also showed signs of having been long dead, the woman seemed to have been hardier, and had not quite lost the robustness of her form. Romola, kneeling, was about to lay her hand on the heart; but as she lifted the piece of yellow woollen drapery that lay across the bosom, she saw the purple spots which marked the familiar pestilence. Then it struck her that if the villagers knew of this, she might have more difficulty than she had expected in getting help from them; they would perhaps shrink from her with that child in her arms. But she had money to offer them, and they would not refuse to give her some goats' milk in exchange for it.

She set out at once towards the village, her mind filled now with the effort to soothe the little dark creature, and with wondering how she should win some woman to be good to it. She could not help hoping a little in a certain awe she had observed herself to inspire, when she appeared, unknown and unexpected, in her religious dress. As she passed across a breadth of cultivated ground, she noticed, with wonder, that little patches of corn mingled with the other crops had been left to over-ripe-

ness untouched by the sickle, and that golden apples and dark figs lay rotting on the weedy ground. There were grassy spaces within sight, but no cow, or sheep, or goat. The stillness began to have something fearful in it to Romola; she hurried along towards the thickest cluster of houses, where there would be the most life to appeal to on behalf of the helpless life she carried in her arms. But she had picked up two figs, and bit little pieces from the sweet pulp to still the child with.

She entered between two lines of dwellings. It was time that villagers should have been stirring long ago, but not a soul was in sight. The air was becoming more and more oppressive, laden, it seemed, with some horrible impurity. There was a door open; she looked in, and saw grim emptiness. Another open door; and through that she saw a man lying dead with all his garments on, his head lying athwart a spade handle, and an earthenware cruse in his hand, as if he had fallen suddenly.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened towards the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself on her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point towards the well?"

The hand was lifted towards the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. But the little one was getting more content as the morsels of sweet pulp were repeated, and ceased to distress her with its cry, so that she could give a less distracted attention to the objects around her.

The well lay twenty yards or more beyond the end of the street, and as Romola was approaching it her eyes were directed to the opposite green slope immediately below the church. High up, on a patch of grass between the trees, she had descried a cow and a couple of goats, and she tried to trace a line of path that would lead her close to that cheering sight, when once she had done her errand to the well. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, could hardly have been seen without some pausing and palpitation. With her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick grey garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backward and illuminated on the left side by the sun-rays, the little

olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet black eyes, she might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvellous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand—to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother, come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe: she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life towards the slope she had just been contemplating. But remembering the parched sufferer, she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

Entering the house to look for a small cup, she saw salt meat and meal: there were no signs of want in the dwelling. With nimble movements she seated baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said languidly,—

"Who are you?"

"I came over the sea," said Romola. "I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?"

"I think they are all ill now—all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead upstairs, and there is no one to bury them: and soon I shall die."

"Not so, I hope," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running towards the mountain when I went to the well."

"I cannot tell. When the pestilence came, a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!"

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth's flight, she should find some men and women who were still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial. She trusted to her powers of persuasion to conquer the aid of the timorous, when once she knew what was to be done.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off towards the slope. She felt no burden of choice on her now, no longing for death. She was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers, as she had gone to that fevered woman.

But, with the child on her arm, it was not so easy to her as usual to walk up a slope, and it seemed a long while before the winding path took her near the cow and the goats. She was beginning herself to feel faint from heat, hunger, and thirst, and as she reached a double turning, she paused to consider whether she would not wait near the cow, which some one was likely to come and milk soon, rather than toil up to the church

before she had taken any rest. Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. She stood mutely observing, and the face, too, remained motionless. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago, the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the Babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church. The *pievano** had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing to come down and milk his cow, he had repeated many Aves. The *pievano*'s conscience tormented him a little: he trembled at the pestilence, but he also trembled at the thought of the mild-faced Mother, conscious that that Invisible Mercy might demand something more of him than prayers and "Hails." In this state of mind—unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her tending the sick—the *pievano* had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, instead of being explanatory, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. If anything miraculous were happening, he felt there was no strong presumption that the miracle would be in his favour. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

"Come down," said Romola, after a pause. "Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you."

A moment after the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thick-set priest, with a broad, harmless face, his black frock much worn and soiled, stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path towards the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow, and, when he had nervously drawn some milk, gave it to her in a brass cup he carried with him in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterwards drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognized the

* Parish-priest.

Hebrew baby, he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola's presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him. Moreover, that Hebrew baby was terribly associated with the dread of pestilence.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one sucking its own milky lips, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying, "Give us more, good father," he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola, on her side, was not unobservant; and when the second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said with mild decision,

"And now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments, and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive—and you, too, will help them now."

He told her the story of the pestilence: and while he was telling it, the youth, who had fled before, had come peeping and advancing gradually, till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighbouring bush.

Three families of Jews, twenty souls in all, had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. The villagers, said the priest, had of course refused to give shelter to the miscreants, otherwise than in a distant hovel, and under heaps of straw. But when the strangers had died of the plague, and some of the people had thrown the bodies into the sea, the sea had brought them back again in a great storm, and everybody was smitten with terror. A grave was dug, and the bodies were buried; but then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went away over the mountain, driving away their few cattle, and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled; he had stayed and prayed for the people, and he had prevailed on the youth Jacopo to stay with him; but he confessed that a mortal terror of the plague had taken hold of him, and he had not dared to go down into the valley.

"You will fear no longer, father," said Romola, in a tone of encouraging authority; "you will come down with me, and we will see who is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us," she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

"Come, Jacopo," said Romola again, smiling at him, "you will carry the child for me. See! your arms are strong, and I am tired."

That was a dreadful proposal to Jacopo, and to the priest also; but they were both under a peculiar influence forcing them to obey. The suspicion that Romola was a supernatural form was dissipated, but their minds were filled instead with the more effective sense that she was a human being whom God had sent over the sea to command them.

"Now we will carry down the milk," said Romola, "and see if any one wants it."

So they went all together down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola, till the men were digging and sowing again, till the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their heads to the well, and the Hebrew baby was a tottering tumbling Christian, Benedetto by name, having been baptized in the church on the mountain side. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, standing a little aloof from the village street, and here on a thick heap of clean straw—a delicious bed for those who do not dream of down—she felt glad to lie still through most of the daylight hours, taken care of along with the little Benedetto by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo and the small flock of surviving villagers paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed Lady, and to bring her of their best as an offering—honey, fresh cakes, eggs, and polenta. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age—how the sweet and sainted Lady with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labours after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity, and how the queer little black Benedetto used to crawl about the straw by her side and want everything that was brought to her, and she always gave him a bit of what she took, and told them if they loved her they must be good to Benedetto.

Many legends were afterwards told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

CHAPTER LXIX.

HOMEWARD.

IN those silent wintry hours when Romola lay resting from her weariness, her mind, travelling back over the past, and gazing across the undefined distance of the future, saw all objects from a new position. Her experience since the moment of her waking in the boat had come to her with as strong an effect as that of the fresh seal on the dissolving wax. She had felt herself without bonds, without motive; sinking in mere egoistic complaining that life could bring her no content; feeling a

right to say, "I am tired of life; I want to die." That thought had sobbed within her as she fell asleep, but from the moment after her waking when the cry had drawn her, she had not even reflected, as she used to do in Florence, that she was glad to live because she could lighten sorrow—she had simply lived, with so energetic an impulse to share the life around her, to answer the call of need and do the work which cried aloud to be done, that the reasons for living, enduring, labouring, never took the form of argument.

The experience was like a new baptism to Romola. In Florence the simpler relations of the human being to his fellow-men had been complicated for her with all the special ties of marriage, the State, and religious discipleship, and when these had disappointed her trust the shock seemed to have shaken her aloof from life and stunned her sympathy. But now she said, "It was mere baseness in me to desire death. If everything else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the strength is in my arm I will stretch it out to the fainting; while the light visits my eyes they shall seek the forsaken."

And then the past arose with a fresh appeal to her. Her work in this green valley was done, and the emotions that were disengaged from the people immediately around her rushed back into the old deep channels of use and affection. That rare possibility of self-contemplation which comes in any complete severance from our wonted life made her judge herself as she had never done before: the compunction which is inseparable from a sympathetic nature keenly alive to the possible experience of others, began to stir in her with growing force. She questioned the justness of her own conclusions, of her own deeds: she had been rash, arrogant, always dissatisfied that others were not good enough, while she herself had not been true to what her soul had once recognized as the best. She began to condemn her flight: after all, it had been cowardly self-care; the grounds on which Savonarola had once taken her back were truer, deeper than the grounds she had had for her second flight. How could she feel the needs of others and not feel above all the needs of the nearest?

But then came reaction against such self-reproach. The memory of her life with Tito, of the conditions which made their real union impossible, while their external union imposed a set of false duties on her which were essentially the concealment and sanctioning of what her mind revolted from, told her that flight had been her only resource. All minds, except such as are delivered from doubt by dulness of sensibility, must be subject to this recurring conflict where the many-twisted conditions of life have forbidden the fulfilment of a bond. For in strictness there is no replacing of relations: the presence of the new does not nullify the failure and breach of the old. Life has lost its perfection: it has been maimed; and until the wounds are quite scarred, conscience continually casts backward doubting glances.

Romola shrank with dread from the renewal of her proximity to Tito, and yet she was uneasy that she had put herself out of reach of knowing what was his fate—uneasy that the moment might yet come when he would be in misery and need her. There was still a thread of pain within her, testifying to those words of Fra Girolamo, that she could not cease to be a wife. Could anything utterly cease for her that had once mingled itself with the current of her heart's blood?

Florence, and all her life there, had come back to her like hunger; her feelings could not go wandering after the possible and the vague: their living fibre was fed with the memory of familiar things. And the thought that she had divided herself from them for ever became more and more importunate in these hours that were unfilled with action. What if Fra Girolamo had been wrong? What if the life of Florence was a web of inconsistencies? Was she, then, something higher, that she should shake the dust from off her feet, and say, "This world is not good enough for me?" If she had been really higher, she would not so easily have lost all her trust.

Her indignant grief for her godfather had no longer complete possession of her, and her sense of debt to Savonarola was recovering predominance. Nothing that had come, or was to come, could do away with the fact that there had been a great inspiration in him which had waked a new life in her. Who, in all her experience, could demand the same gratitude from her as he? His errors—might they not bring calamities?

She could not rest. She hardly knew whether it was her strength returning with the budding leaves that made her active again, or whether it was her eager longing to get nearer Florence. She did not imagine herself daring to enter Florence, but the desire to be near enough to learn what was happening there urged itself with a strength that excluded all other purposes.

And one March morning the people in the valley were gathered together to see the blessed Lady depart. Jacopo had fetched a mule for her, and was going with her over the mountains. The Padre, too, was going with her to the nearest town, that he might help her in learning the safest way by which she might get to Pistoja. Her store of trinkets and money, untouched in this valley, was abundant for her needs.

If Romola had been less drawn by the longing that was taking her away, it would have been a hard moment for her when she walked along the village street for the last time, while the Padre and Jacopo, with the mule, were awaiting her near the well. Her steps were hindered by the wailing people, who knelt and kissed her hands, then clung to her skirts and kissed the grey folds, crying, "Ah, why will you go, when the good season is beginning and the crops will be plentiful? Why will you go?"

"Do not be sorry," said Romola, "you are well now, and I shall remember you. I must go and see if my own people want me."

"Ah, yes, if they have the pestilence!"

"Look at us again, Madonna!"

"Yes, yes, we will be good to the little Benedetto!"

At last Romola mounted her mule, but a vigorous screaming from Benedetto as he saw her turn from him in this new position, was an excuse for all the people to follow her and insist that he must ride on the mule's neck to the foot of the slope.

The parting must come at last, but as Romola turned continually before she passed out of sight, she saw the little flock lingering to catch the last waving of her hand.

CHAPTER LXX.

MEETING AGAIN.

ON the fourteenth of April Romola was once more within the walls of Florence. Unable to rest at Pistoja, where contradictory reports reached her about the Trial by Fire, she had gone on to Prato; and was beginning to think that she should be drawn on to Florence in spite of dread, when she encountered that monk of San Spirito who had been her godfather's confessor. From him she learned the full story of Savonarola's arrest, and of her husband's death. This Augustinian monk had been in the stream of people who had followed the waggon with its awful burden into the Piazza, and he could tell her what was generally known in Florence—that Tito had escaped from an assailing mob by leaping into the Arno, but had been murdered on the bank by an old man who had long had an enmity against him. But Romola understood the catastrophe as no one else did. Of Savonarola the monk told her, in that tone of unfavourable prejudice which was usual in the Black Brethren (*Fрати Neri*) towards the brother who showed white under his black, that he had confessed himself a deceiver of the people.

Romola paused no longer. That evening she was in Florence, sitting in agitated silence under the exclamations of joy and wailing, mingled with exuberant narrative, which were poured into her ears by Monna Brigida, who had retrograded to false hair in Romola's absence, but now drew it off again and declared she would not mind being grey, if her dear child would stay with her.

Romola was too deeply moved by the main events which she had known before coming to Florence, to be wrought upon by the doubtful gossiping details added in Brigida's narrative. The tragedy of her husband's death, of Fra Girolamo's confession of duplicity under the coercion of torture, left her hardly any power of apprehending minor circumstances. All the mental activity she could exert under that load of awe-stricken grief, was absorbed by two purposes which must supersede every other; to try and see Savonarola, and to learn what had become of Tessa and the children.

"Tell me, cousin," she said abruptly, when Monna Brigida's tongue

had run quite away from troubles into projects of Romola's living with her, "has anything been seen or said since Tito's death of a young woman with two little children?"

Brigida started, rounded her eyes, and lifted up her hands.

"Cristo! no. What! was he so bad as that, my poor child? Ah, then, that was why you went away and left me word only that you went of your own free will. Well, well, if I'd known that, I shouldn't have thought you so strange and flighty. For I did say to myself, though I didn't tell anybody else, 'What was she to go away from her husband for, leaving him to mischief, only because they cut poor Bernardo's head off? She's got her father's temper,' I said, 'that's what it is.' Well, well, never scold me, child: Bardo *was* fierce, you can't deny it. But if you had only told me the truth, that there was a young hussey and children, I should have understood it all. Anything seen or said of her? No; and the less the better. They say enough of ill about him without that. But since that was the reason you went——"

"No, dear cousin," said Romola, interrupting her earnestly, "pray do not talk so. I wish above all things to find that young woman and her children, and to take care of them. They are quite helpless. Say nothing against it; that is the thing I shall do first of all."

"Well," said Monna Brigida, shrugging her shoulders and lowering her voice with an air of puzzled discomfiture, "if that's being a Piagnone, I've been taking peas for paternosters. Why, Fra Girolamo said as good as that widows ought not to marry again. Step in at the door and it's a sin and a shame, it seems; but come down the chimney and you're welcome. *Two* children—Santiddio!"

"Cousin, the poor thing has done no conscious wrong: she is ignorant of everything. I will tell you—but not now."

Early the next morning Romola's steps were directed to the house beyond San Ambrogio where she had once found Tessa; but it was as she had feared: Tessa was gone. Romola conjectured that Tito had sent her away beforehand to some spot where he had intended to join her, for she did not believe that he would willingly part with those children. It was a painful conjecture, because, if Tessa were out of Florence, there was hardly a chance of finding her, and Romola pictured the childish creature waiting and waiting at some wayside spot in wondering helpless misery. Those who lived near could tell her nothing except that old deaf Lisa had gone away a week ago with her goods, but no one knew where Tessa had gone. Romola saw no further active search open to her; for she had no knowledge that could serve as a starting-point for inquiry, and not only her innate reserve but a more noble sensitiveness made her shrink from assuming an attitude of generosity in the eyes of others by publishing Tessa's relation to Tito along with her own desire to find her. Many days passed in anxious inaction. Even under strong solicitation from other thoughts Romola found her heart palpitating if she caught sight of a pair of round brown legs, or of a short woman in the contadina dress.

She never for a moment told herself that it was heroism or exalted charity in her to seek these beings; she needed something that she was bound specially to care for; she yearned to clasp the children and to make them love her. This at least would be some sweet result, for others as well as herself, from all her past sorrow. It appeared there was much property of Tito's to which she had a claim; but she distrusted the cleanliness of that money, and she had determined to make it all over to the State, except so much as was equal to the price of her father's library. This would be enough for the modest support of Tessa and the children. But Monna Brigida threw such planning into the background by clamorously insisting that Romola must live with her and never forsake her till she had seen her safe in paradise—else why had she persuaded her to turn Piagnone?—and if Romola wanted to rear other people's children, she, Monna Brigida, must rear them too. Only they must be found first.

Romola felt the full force of that innuendo. But strong feeling unsatisfied is never without its superstition, either of hope or despair. Romola's was the superstition of hope: *somehow* she was to find that mother and the children. And at last another direction for active inquiry suggested itself. She learned that Tito had provided horses and mules to await him in San Gallo; he was therefore going to leave Florence by the gate of San Gallo, and she determined, though without much confidence in the issue, to try and ascertain from the gate-keepers if they had observed any one corresponding to the description of Tessa, with her children, to have passed the gates before the morning of the ninth of April. Walking along the Via San Gallo, and looking watchfully about her through her long widow's veil, lest she should miss any object that might aid her, she descried Bratti chaffering with a customer. That roaming man, she thought, might aid her: she would not mind talking of Tessa to *him*. But as she put aside her veil and crossed the street towards him, she saw something hanging from the corner of his basket which made her heart leap with a much stronger hope.

"Bratti, my friend," she said abruptly, "where did you get that necklace?"

"Your servant, madonna," said Bratti, looking round at her very deliberately, his mind not being subject to surprise. "It's a necklace worth money, but I shall get little by it, for my heart's too tender for a trader's; I've promised to keep it in pledge."

"Pray tell me where you got it:—from a little woman named Tessa, is it not true?"

"Ah! if you know her," said Bratti, "and would redeem it of me at a small profit, and give it her again, you'd be doing a charity, for she cried at parting with it—you'd have thought she was running into a brook. It's a small profit I'll charge you. You shall have it for a florin, for I don't like to be hard-hearted."

"Where is she?" said Romola, giving him the money, and unclasping the necklace from the basket in joyful agitation.

"Outside the gate there, at the other end of the Borgo, at old Sibilla Manetti's: anybody will tell you which is the house."

Romola went along with winged feet, blessing that incident of the Carnival which had made her learn by heart the appearance of this necklace. Soon she was at the house she sought. The young woman and the children were in the inner room—were to have been fetched away a fortnight ago and more—had no money, only their clothes, to pay a poor widow with for their food and lodging. But since Madonna knew them—Romola waited to hear no more, but opened the door.

Tessa was seated on the low bed: her crying had passed into tearless sobs, and she was looking with sad blank eyes at the two children, who were playing in an opposite corner—Lillo covering his head with his skirt and roaring at Ninna to frighten her, then peeping out again to see how she bore it. The door was a little behind Tessa, and she did not turn round when it opened, thinking it was only the old woman: expectation was no longer alive. Romola had thrown aside her veil and paused a moment, holding the necklace in sight. Then she said, in that pure voice that used to cheer her father,—

"Tessa!"

Tessa started to her feet and looked round.

"See," said Romola, clasping the beads on Tessa's neck, "God has sent me to you again."

The poor thing screamed and sobbed, and clung to the arms that fastened the necklace. She could not speak. The two children came from their corner, laid hold of their mother's skirts, and looked up with wide eyes at Romola.

That day they all went home to Monna Brigida's, in the Borgo degli Albizzi. Romola had made known to Tessa by gentle degrees, that Naldo could never come to her again; not because he was cruel, but because he was dead.

"But be comforted, my Tessa," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you always. And we have got Lillo and Ninna."

Monna Brigida's mouth twitched in the struggle between her awe of Romola and the desire to speak unseasonably.

"Let be, for the present," she thought; "but it seems to me a thousand years till I tell this little contadina, who seems not to know how many fingers she's got on her hand, who Romola is. And I *will* tell her some day, else she'll never know her place. It's all very well for Romola; nobody will call their souls their own when she's by; but if I'm to have this puss-faced minx living in my house, she must be humble to me."

However, Monna Brigida wanted to give the children too many sweets for their supper, and confessed to Romola, the last thing before going to bed, that it would be a shame not to take care of such cherubs.

"But you must give up to me a little, Romola, about their eating, and those things. For you have never had a baby, and I had twins, only they died as soon as they were born."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE CONFESSION.

WHEN Romola brought home Tessa and the children April was already near its close, and the other great anxiety on her mind had been wrought to its highest pitch by the publication in print of Fra Girolamo's Trial, or rather of the confessions drawn from him by the sixteen Florentine citizens commissioned to interrogate him. The appearance of this document, issued by order of the Signoria, had called forth such strong expressions of public suspicion and discontent, that severe measures were immediately taken for recalling it. Of course there were copies accidentally mislaid, and a second edition, *not* by order of the Signoria, was soon in the hands of eager readers.

Romola, who began to despair of ever speaking with Fra Girolamo, read this evidence again and again, desiring to judge it by some clearer light than the contradictory impressions that were taking the form of assertions in the mouths of both partisans and enemies.

In the more devout followers of Savonarola his want of constancy under torture, and his retraction of prophetic claims, had produced a consternation too profound to be at once displaced as it ultimately was by the suspicion, which soon grew into a positive datum, that any reported words of his which were in inexplicable contradiction to their faith in him, had not come from the lips of the prophet, but from the falsifying pen of Ser Ceccone, that notary of evil repute, who had made the digest of the examination. But there were obvious facts that at once threw discredit on the printed document. Was not the list of sixteen examiners half made up of the prophet's bitterest enemies? Was not the notorious Dolfo Spini one of the new Eight prematurely elected, in order to load the dice against a man whose ruin had been determined on by the party in power? It was but a murder with slow formalities that was being transacted in the Old Palace. The Signoria had resolved to drive a good bargain with the Pope and the Duke of Milan, by extinguishing the man who was as great a molestation to vicious citizens and greedy foreign tyrants as to a corrupt clergy. The Frate had been doomed beforehand, and the only question that was pretended to exist now was, whether the Republic, in return for a permission to lay a tax on ecclesiastical property, should deliver him alive into the hands of the Pope, or whether the Pope should further concede to the Republic what its dignity demanded—the privilege of hanging and burning its own prophet on its own piazza.

Who, under such circumstances, would give full credit to this so-called confession? If the Frate had denied his prophetic gift, the denial had only been wrenched from him by the agony of torture—agony that, in his sensitive frame, must quickly produce raving. What if these

wicked examiners declared that he had only had the torture of the rope and pulley thrice, and only on one day, and that his confessions had been made when he was under no bodily coercion—was that to be believed? He had been tortured much more; he had been tortured in proportion to the distress his confessions had created in the hearts of those who loved him.

Other friends of Savonarola, who were less ardent partisans, did not doubt the substantial genuineness of the confession, however it might have been coloured by the transpositions and additions of the notary; but they argued indignantly that there was nothing which could warrant a condemnation to death, or even to grave punishment. It must be clear to all impartial men that if this examination represented the only evidence against the Frate, he would die, not for any crime, but because he had made himself inconvenient to the Pope, to the rapacious Italian States that wanted to dismember their Tuscan neighbour, and to those unworthy citizens who sought to gratify their private ambition in opposition to the common weal.

Not a shadow of political crime had been proved against him. Not one stain had been detected on his private conduct: his fellow monks, including one who had formerly been his secretary for several years, and who, with more than the average culture of his companions, had a disposition to criticize Fra Girolamo's rule as Prior, bore testimony, even after the shock of his retraction, to an unimpeachable purity and consistency in his life, which had commanded their unsuspecting veneration. The Pope himself had not been able to raise a charge of heresy against the Frate, except on the ground of disobedience to a mandate, and disregard of the sentence of excommunication. It was difficult to justify that breach of discipline by argument, but there was a moral insurgence in the minds of grave men against the Court of Rome, which tended to confound the theoretic distinction between the Church and churchmen, and to lighten the scandal of disobedience.

Men of ordinary morality and public spirit felt that the triumph of the Frate's enemies was really the triumph of gross licence. And keen Florentines like Soderini and Piero Guicciardini may well have had an angry smile on their lips at a severity which dispensed with all law in order to hang and burn a man in whom the seductions of a public career had warped the strictness of his veracity; may well have remarked that if the Frate had mixed a much deeper fraud with a zeal and ability less inconvenient to high personages, the fraud would have been regarded as an excellent oil for ecclesiastical and political wheels.

Nevertheless such shrewd men were forced to admit that, however poor a figure the Florentine government made in its clumsy pretence of a judicial warrant for what had in fact been predetermined as an act of policy, the measures of the Pope against Savonarola were necessary measures of self-defence. Not to try and rid himself of a man who wanted to stir up the Powers of Europe to summon a General Council

and depose him, would have been adding ineptitude to iniquity. There was no denying that towards Alexander the Sixth Savonarola was a rebel, and what was much more, a dangerous rebel. Florence had heard him say, and had well understood what he meant, that he would not *obey the devil*. It was inevitably a life and death struggle between the Frate and the Pope; but it was less inevitable that Florence should make itself the Pope's executioner.

Romola's ears were filled in this way with the suggestions of a faith still ardent under its wounds, and the suggestions of worldly discernment, judging things according to a very moderate standard of what is possible to human nature. She could be satisfied with neither. She brought to her long meditations over that printed document many painful observations, registered more or less consciously through the years of her discipleship, which whispered a presentiment that Savonarola's retraction of his prophetic claims was not merely a spasmodic effort to escape from torture. But, on the other hand, her soul cried out for some explanation of his lapses which would make it still possible for her to believe that the main striving of his life had been pure and grand. The recent memory of the selfish discontent which had come over her like a blighting wind along with the loss of her trust in the man who had been for her an incarnation of the highest motives, had produced a reaction which is known to many as a sort of faith that has sprung up to them out of the very depths of their despair. It was impossible, she said now, that the negative disbelieving thoughts which had made her soul arid of all good, could be founded in the truth of things: impossible that it had not been a living spirit, and no hollow pretence, which had once breathed in the Frate's words, and kindled a new life in her. Whatever falsehood there had been in him, had been a fall and not a purpose; a gradual entanglement in which he struggled, not a contrivance encouraged by success.

Looking at the printed confessions she saw many sentences which bore the stamp of bungling fabrication: they had that emphasis and repetition in self-accusation which none but very low hypocrites use to their fellow-men. But the fact that these sentences were in striking opposition, not only to the character of Savonarola, but also to the general tone of the confessions, strengthened the impression that the rest of the text represented in the main what had really fallen from his lips. Hardly a word was dishonourable to him except what turned on his prophetic annunciations. He was unvarying in his statement of the ends he had pursued for Florence, the church, and the world; and, apart from the mixture of falsity in that claim to special inspiration by which he sought to gain hold of men's minds, there was no admission of having used unworthy means. Even in this confession, and without expurgation of the notary's malign phrases, Fra Girolamo shone forth as a man who had sought his own glory indeed, but sought it by labouring for the very highest end—the moral welfare of men—not by vague exhortations, but by striving to turn beliefs into energies that would work in all the details of life.

"Everything that I have done," said one memorable passage, which may perhaps have had its erasures and interpolations, "I have done with the design of being for ever famous, in the present and in future ages; and that I might win credit in Florence; and that nothing of great import should be done without my sanction. And when I had thus established my position in Florence, I had it in my mind to do great things in Italy and beyond Italy, by means of those chief personages with whom I had contracted friendship and consulted on high matters, such as this of the General Council. And in proportion as my first efforts succeeded, I should have adopted further measures. Above all, when the General Council had once been brought about, I intended to rouse the princes of Christendom, and especially those beyond the borders of Italy, to subdue the infidels. It was not much in my thoughts to get myself made a Cardinal or Pope; for when I should have achieved the work I had in view, I should, without being Pope, have been the first man in the world in the authority I should have possessed, and the reverence that would have been paid me. If I had been made Pope, I would not have refused the office: but it seemed to me that to be the head of that work was a greater thing than to be Pope; because a man without virtue may be Pope, but *such a work as I contemplated demanded a man of excellent virtues.*"

That blending of ambition with belief in the supremacy of goodness made no new tone to Romola, who had been used to hear it in the voice that rang through the Duomo. It was the habit of Savonarola's mind to conceive great things, and to feel that he was the man to do them. Iniquity should be brought low; the cause of justice, purity, and love should triumph; and it should triumph by his voice, by his work, by his blood. In moments of ecstatic contemplation, doubtless, the sense of self melted in the sense of the unspeakable, and in that part of his experience lay the elements of genuine self-abasement; but in the presence of his fellow-men for whom he was to act, pre-eminence seemed a necessary condition of his life.

And perhaps this confession, even when it described a doubleness that was conscious and deliberate, really implied no more than that wavering of belief concerning his own impressions and motives which most human beings who have not a stupid inflexibility of self-confidence must be liable to under a marked change of external conditions? In a life where the experience was so tumultuously mixed as it must have been in the Frate's, what a possibility was opened for a change of self-judgment, when, instead of eyes that venerated and knees that knelt, instead of a great work on its way to accomplishment, and in its prosperity stamping the agent as a chosen instrument, there came the hooting and the spitting and the curses of the crowd; and then the hard faces of enemies made judges; and then the horrible torture, and with the torture the irrepressible cry, "It is true, what you would have me say: let me go, do not torture me again: yes, yes, I am guilty. O God! Thy stroke has reached me!"

As Romola thought of the anguish that must have followed the con-

fession—whether, in the subsequent solitude of the prison, conscience retracted or confirmed the self-taxing words—that anguish seemed to be pressing on her own heart and urging the slow bitter tears. Every vulgar self-ignorant person in Florence was glibly pronouncing on this man's demerits, and he was knowing a depth of sorrow which can only be known to the soul that has loved and sought the most perfect thing, and beholds itself fallen.

She had not then seen—what she saw afterwards—the evidence of the Frate's mental state after he had had thus to lay his mouth in the dust. As the days went by, the reports of new unpublished examinations, eliciting no change of confessions, ceased; Savonarola was left alone in his prison and allowed pen and ink for a while, that, if he liked, he might use his poor bruised and strained right arm to write with. He wrote; but what he wrote was no vindication of his innocence, no protest against the proceedings used towards him: it was a continued colloquy with that Divine purity with which he sought complete reunion; it was the outpouring of self-abasement; it was one long cry for inward renovation. No lingering echoes of the old vehement self-assertion, "Look at my work, for it is good, and those who set their faces against it are the children of the devil!" The voice of Sadness tells him, "God placed thee in the midst of the people even as if thou hadst been one of the excellent. In this way thou hast taught others, and hast failed to learn thyself. Thou hast cured others: and thou thyself hast been still diseased. Thy heart was lifted up at the beauty of thy own deeds, and through this thou hast lost thy wisdom and art become, and shalt be to all eternity, nothing. . . . After so many benefits with which God has honoured thee, thou art fallen into the depths of the sea; and after so many gifts bestowed on thee, thou, by thy pride and vain-glory, hast scandalized all the world." And when Hope speaks and argues that the Divine love has not forsaken him, it says nothing now of a great work to be done, but only says, "Thou art not forsaken, else why is thy heart bowed in penitence? That, too, is a gift."

There is no jot of worthy evidence that from the time of his imprisonment to the supreme moment, Savonarola thought or spoke of himself as a martyr. The idea of martyrdom had been to him a passion dividing the dream of the future with the triumph of beholding his work achieved. And now, in place of both, had come a resignation which he called by no glorifying name.

But therefore he may the more fitly be called a martyr by his fellow-men to all time. For power rose against him not because of his sins, but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble. And through that greatness of his he endured a double agony: not only the reviling, and the torture, and the death-throe, but the agony of sinking from the vision of glorious achievement into that deep shadow where he could only say, "I count as nothing: darkness encompasses me: yet the light I saw was the true light."

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE LAST SILENCE.

ROMOLA had seemed to hear, as if they had been a cry, the words repeated to her by many lips—the words uttered by Savonarola when he took leave of those Brethren of San Marco who had come to witness his signature of the confession: “Pray for me, for God has withdrawn from me the spirit of prophecy.”

Those words had shaken her with new doubts as to the mode in which he looked back at the past in moments of complete self-possession. And the doubts were strengthened by more piteous things still, which soon reached her ears.

The nineteenth of May had come, and by that day's sunshine there had entered into Florence the two Papal Commissaries, charged with the completion of Savonarola's trial. They entered amid the acclamations of the people, calling for the death of the Frate. For now the popular cry was, “It is the Frate's deception that has brought on all our misfortunes; let him be burned, and all things right will be done, and our evils will cease.”

The next day it is well certified that there was fresh and fresh torture of the shattered sensitive frame; and now, at the first threat and first sight of the horrible implements, Savonarola, in convulsed agitation, fell on his knees, and in brief, passionate words, *retracted his confession*, declared that he had spoken falsely in denying his prophetic gift, and that if he suffered, he would suffer for the truth—“The things that I have spoken, I had them from God.”

But not the less the torture was laid upon him, and when he was under it he was asked why he had uttered those retracting words. Men were not demons in those days, and yet nothing but confessions of guilt were held a reason for release from torture. The answer came: “I said it that I might seem good; tear me no more, I will tell you the truth.”

There were Florentine assessors at this new trial, and those words of twofold retraction had soon spread. They filled Romola with dismayed uncertainty.

“But”—it flashed across her—“there will come a moment when he may speak. When there is no dread hanging over him but the dread of falsehood, when they have brought him into the presence of death, when he is lifted above the people, and looks on them for the last time, they cannot hinder him from speaking a last decisive word. I will be there.”

Three days after, on the 23rd of May, 1498, there was again a long narrow platform stretching across the great piazza, from the Palazzo Vecchio towards the Tetta de' Pisani. But there was no grove of fuel as before: instead of that, there was one great heap of fuel placed on the

circular area which made the termination of the long narrow platform. And above this heap of fuel rose a gibbet with three halters on it; a gibbet which, having two arms, still looked so much like a cross as to make some beholders uncomfortable, though one arm had been truncated to avoid the resemblance.

On the marble terrace of the Palazzo were three tribunals; one near the door for the Bishop, who was to perform the ceremony of degradation on Fra Girolamo and the two Brethren who were to suffer as his followers and accomplices; another for the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them heretics and schismatics, and deliver them over to the secular arm; and a third, close to Marzocco, at the corner of the terrace where the platform began, for the Gonfaloniere, and the Eight who were to pronounce the sentence of death.

Again the piazza was thronged with expectant faces: again there was to be a great fire kindled. In the majority of the crowd that pressed around the gibbet the expectation was that of ferocious hatred, or of mere hard curiosity to behold a barbarous sight. But there were still many spectators on the wide pavement, on the roofs, and at the windows, who, in the midst of their bitter grief and their own endurance of insult as hypocritical Piagnoni, were not without a lingering hope, even at this eleventh hour, that God would interpose, by some sign, to manifest their beloved prophet as His servant. And there were yet more who looked forward with trembling eagerness, as Romola did, to that final moment when Savonarola might say, "O people, I was innocent of deceit."

Romola was at a window on the north side of the piazza, far away from the marble terrace where the tribunals stood; and near her, also looking on in painful doubt concerning the man who had won his early reverence, was a young Florentine of two-and-twenty, named Jacopo Nardi, afterwards to deserve honour as one of the very few who, feeling Fra Girolamo's eminence, have written about him with the simple desire to be veracious. He had said to Romola, with respectful gentleness, when he saw the struggle in her between her shuddering horror of the scene and her yearning to witness what might happen in the last moment,

"Madonna, there is no need for you to look at these cruel things. I will tell you when he comes out of the Palazzo. Trust to me; I know what you would see."

Romola covered her face, but the hootings that seemed to make the hideous scene still visible could not be shut out. At last her arm was touched, and she heard the words, "He comes." She looked towards the Palace, and could see Savonarola led out in his Dominican garb; could see him standing before the Bishop, and being stripped of the black mantle, the white scapulary, and long white tunic, till he stood in a close woollen under-tunic, that told of no sacred office, no rank. He had been degraded, and cut off from the Church Militant.

The baser part of the multitude delight in degradations, apart from any hatred; it is the satire they best understand. There was a fresh hoot

of triumph as the three degraded Brethren passed on to the tribunal of the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them schismatics and heretics. Did not the prophet look like a schismatic and heretic now? It is easy to believe in the damnable state of a man who stands stripped and degraded.

Then the third tribunal was passed—that of the Florentine officials who were to pronounce sentence, and amongst whom, even at her distance, Romola could discern the odious figure of Dolfo Spini, indued in the grave black lucco, as one of the Eight.

Then the three figures, in their close white raiment, trod their way along the platform, amidst yells and grating tones of insult.

"Cover your eyes, madonna," said Jacopo Nardi; "Fra Girolamo will be the last."

It was not long before she had to uncover them again. Savonarola was there. He was not far off her now. He had mounted the steps; she could see him look round on the multitude.

But in the same moment expectation died, and she only saw what he was seeing—torches waving to kindle the fuel beneath his dead body, faces glaring with a yet worse light; she only heard what *he* was hearing—gross jests, taunts, and curses.

The moment was past. Her face was covered again, and she only knew that Savonarola's voice had passed into eternal silence.

EPILOGUE.

On the evening of the twenty-second of May, 1509, five persons, of whose history we have known something, were seated in a handsome upper room opening on to a loggia which, at its right-hand corner, looked all along the Borgo Pinti, and over the city gate towards Fiesole, and the solemn heights beyond it.

At one end of the room was an archway opening into a narrow inner room, hardly more than a recess, where the light fell from above on a small altar covered with fair white linen. Over the altar was a picture, discernible at the distance where the little party sat only as the small full-length portrait of a Dominican Brother. For it was shaded from the light above by overhanging branches and wreaths of flowers, and the fresh tapers below it were unlit. But it seemed that the decoration of the altar and its recess was not complete. For part of the floor was strewn with a confusion of flowers and green boughs, and among them sat a delicate blue-eyed girl of thirteen, tossing her long light-brown hair out of her eyes, as she made selections for the wreaths she was weaving,

or looked up at her mother's work in the same kind, and told her how to do it with a little air of instruction.

For that mother was not very clever at weaving flowers or at any other work. Tessa's fingers had not become more adroit with the years—only very much fatter. She got on slowly and turned her head about a good deal, and asked Ninna's opinion with much deference; for Tessa never ceased to be astonished at the wisdom of her children. She still wore her *contadina* gown: it was only broader than the old one; and there was the silver pin in her rough curly brown hair, and round her neck the memorable necklace, with a red cord under it, that ended mysteriously in her bosom. Her rounded face wore even a more perfect look of childish content than in her younger days: everybody was so good in the world, Tessa thought; even Monna Brigida never found fault with her now, and did little else than sleep, which was an amiable practice in everybody, and one that Tessa liked for herself.

Monna Brigida was asleep at this moment, in a straight-backed arm-chair, a couple of yards off. Her hair, parting backward under her black hood, had that soft whiteness which is not like snow or anything else, but is simply the lovely whiteness of aged hair. Her chin had sunk on her bosom, and her hands rested on the elbow of her chair. She had not been weaving flowers or doing anything else: she had only been looking on as usual, and as usual had fallen asleep.

The other two figures were seated farther off, at the wide doorway that opened on to the *loggia*. Lillo sat on the ground with his back against the angle of the door-post, and his long legs stretched out, while he held a large book open on his knee and occasionally made a dash with his hand at an inquisitive fly, with an air of interest stronger than that excited by the finely-printed copy of Petrarch which he kept open at one place, as if he were learning something by heart.

Romola sat nearly opposite Lillo, but she was not observing him. Her hands were crossed on her lap and her eyes were fixed absently on the distant mountains: she was evidently unconscious of anything around her. An eager life had left its marks upon her: the finely moulded cheek had sunk a little, the golden crown was less massive; but there was a placidity in Romola's face which had never belonged to it in youth. It is but once that we can know our worst sorrows, and Romola had known them while life was new.

Absorbed in this way, she was not at first aware that Lillo had ceased to look at his book, and was watching her with a slightly impatient air, which meant that he wanted to talk to her, but was not quite sure whether she would like that entertainment just now. But persevering looks make themselves felt at last. Romola did presently turn away her eyes from the distance and meet Lillo's impatient dark gaze with a brighter and brighter smile. He shuffled along the floor, still keeping the book on his lap, till he got close to her and lodged his chin on her knee.

"What is it, Lillo?" said Romola, pulling his hair back from his brow. Lillo was a handsome lad, but his features were turning out to be more massive and less regular than his father's. The blood of the Tuscan peasant was in his veins.

"Mamma Romola, what am I to be?" he said, well contented that there was a prospect of talking till it would be too late to con "*Spirto gentil*" any longer.

"What should you like to be, Lillo? You might be a scholar. My father was a scholar, you know, and taught me a great deal. That is the reason why I can teach you."

"Yes," said Lillo, rather hesitatingly. "But he is old and blind in the picture. Did he get a great deal of glory?"

"Not much, Lillo. The world was not always very kind to him, and he saw meaner men than himself put into higher places, because they could flatter and say what was false. And then his dear son thought it right to leave him and become a monk; and after that, my father being blind and lonely, felt unable to do the things that would have made his learning of greater use to men, so that he might still have lived in his works after he was in his grave."

"I should not like that sort of life," said Lillo. "I should like to be something that would make me a great man, and very happy besides—something that would not hinder me from having a good deal of pleasure."

"That is not easy, my Lillo. It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world, as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood. And there was Fra Girolamo—you know why I keep to-morrow sacred: he had the greatness which belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong, and in trying to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a

man say,—‘It would have been better for me if I had never been born.’ I will tell you something, Lillo.”

Romola paused a moment. She had taken Lillo’s cheeks between her hands, and his young eyes were meeting hers.

“There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young, and clever, and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of doing anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him.”

Again Romola paused. Her voice was unsteady, and Lillo was looking up at her with awed wonder.

“Another time, my Lillo—I will tell you another time. See, there are our old Piero di Cosimo and Nello coming up the Borgo Pinti, bringing us their flowers. Let us go and wave our hands to them, that they may know we see them.”

“How queer old Piero is,” said Lillo, as they stood at the corner of the loggia, watching the advancing figures. “He abuses you for dressing the altar, and thinking so much of Fra Girolamo, and yet he brings you the flowers.”

“Never mind,” said Romola. “There are many good people who did not love Fra Girolamo. Perhaps I should never have learned to love him if he had not helped me when I was in great need.”

Medical Etiquette.

IN a recent article some remarks were made upon those peculiar, unwritten laws which govern the three learned professions, and which make them objects partly of mystery and partly, it must be confessed, of jealous dislike to the general public. It was, however, only with regard to the legal profession that the subject was treated with any particularity. At present, we intend to discuss, as briefly as possible, what we venture to say are at least as interesting—the principles of etiquette which are tacitly adopted by the members of the medical profession.

It seems necessary to inquire a little, in the first place, into the special character of that *esprit de corps* which unites medical men in the observance of certain ethical traditions, for special it certainly is, and perfectly distinct from the analogous feeling which animates lawyers and divines. The truth is, that this feeling depends ultimately upon the functions which the medical body has to perform, and these are highly peculiar. The grand distinctive feature of medicine is that it is at once an inexact science and one which is absolutely necessary to the wants of humanity. There are no general laws of healing established from which the physician can, in the calm retirement of his study, deduce particular rules of practice for all possible occasions; but the pressing needs of suffering men and women cry loudly for help; and to meet these urgent claims upon them medical men are forced to apply, as best they may, systems of treatment which often rest upon inductions which they well know are neither as numerous nor as carefully made as they should be. The common sneer at the "uncertainties of medicine" is easy; but we think that a more useful purpose might be served by inquiring whether those very rules of medical etiquette, which to the public sometimes seem like the grotesque trappings of professional conceit and egotism, be not, in fact, our best preservatives against the evils which such uncertainties might give rise to. We think that it will not be difficult to show that this is really the case.

Medical men are, necessarily, the dispensers of an *empirical science*. It is necessary to explain the sense in which we use this term, and we cannot do so better than in the words of a most eloquent living physician—M. Trousseau. "Empiricism," says M. Trousseau, "means *experiment*, and nothing more nor less. . . . Experimentation, independent of all theory, is thus completely opposed to that which we call *dogmatism*, which proceeds, it is true, on a basis of facts furnished by empiric observation, but which systematizes completely and roundly, leaving no vacant spaces. The theorists who approve neither of empiricism, nor of the empirics or their proceedings, have attempted to pour blame and ridicule upon them, and (perverting the word from its proper meaning)

have applied the name empiricism to the medicine of haphazard, of secrets, and of formulas; to the medical practice of housewives, of nurses, and of quacks." M. Trousseau proceeds to show how improper and unjust is this latter application of the word empiricism, which ought, in fact, to be used only to express *art* as opposed to *science*.

It is obvious that medicine, being thus an art, rather than a deductive science, demands, in those who practise it, an unusual amount of some rather uncommon virtues. The magnitude of the issues at stake, the enormous temptations to seek short paths to success and to forsake the cautious method of induction which has alone enabled empiricism to accomplish any good thing, and the unparalleled facilities for deceiving either the patient, or themselves, or both: all these point to the necessity of a courageous and clear-sighted honesty in medical men, which is not too common in any class of society: a necessity, in fact, for incessant watchfulness against temptations to egotism, which would lead the physician to credit his own experiments too readily with success. Now it is against this very sin of egotism, against this tendency to assert oneself to be something which one is not, that all rules of medical etiquette are practically directed. These rules divide themselves naturally into three groups; for there is the etiquette which governs the relations of doctors with each other, that which governs their conduct to their patients, and, last, but not least in importance, the etiquette which decides the attitude which the profession generally shall assume towards the whole lay public.

The etiquette which rules doctors in their dealings with each other is popularly much misunderstood. It is believed that medical men observe a certain loyalty to each other because they expect that the good offices which they perform for a *confrère* will be repaid by similar services. That such a motive to mutual loyalty does, in a secondary way, influence doctors in their behaviour to each other, there can be no doubt; nevertheless, this is not the true origin of the tendency to support each other which all decent medical men show. The true reason for it is the instinctive consciousness on the doctor's part that he needs all the moral help and sympathy he can get to keep himself true, and honest, and unpretending; without which qualities he knows full well his work will never be satisfactory, nor he himself a happy man. For this reason he refuses steadily, if he be an honourable man, to credit any stories of miscarriage from want of skill on the part of a brother practitioner on anything short of the positive evidence of unprejudiced medical observers, or to allow any weight to the statements of laymen to such effect, unless they are susceptible of this kind of confirmation. The consideration would also force itself on his mind, that by any other course he would expose scientific truth to grave danger, and that he would not improbably be helping to give authority to some false doctrine in science which might one day be used with terrible effect against himself, unless he were willing to consent to be dishonest.

Let us take another case in which a medical man's sympathy and sense of fairness to a brother practitioner is often put to the test. Nothing is more common, with a certain class of patients, than to change their medical attendants upon the most frivolous pretexts. Other persons (and those the wiser and more thoughtful part of society) are not fend of such changes, and only under the impression of gross mal-praxis on the part of their doctor would they be inclined to dismiss him. However, on serious or trivial grounds, as the case may be, a good many doctors do receive their dismissal, and an equal number are called to fill their vacant posts, and some important questions at once arise as to the way in which the latter ought to conduct themselves. It is by no means an enviable post, that of the last summoned doctor, for the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that he will be solicited, more or less directly, to give an unfavourable opinion of the system of his predecessor. Of course in a large number of instances he will feel bound to decline to do this, because he knows that the previous treatment was quite proper; but in a certain number of cases it naturally happens that he considers that the treatment was wrong; nay, he may even believe that the late attendant was criminally neglectful, and did not use the skill and knowledge which he actually possessed. In the first place, however, it may be confidently said that no honourable practitioner would desire to make capital out of the mistakes of a colleague, still less to profit by the injustice of patients towards a former medical adviser. Secondly, supposing that he finds himself so closely interrogated that he has no choice but either to damage the reputation of a *confrère*, to besmirch his own conscience, or to offend a new client by his reticence, the decision, though it may be painful and trying to have to make it, cannot be doubtful to a just man. The last alternative—that of disappointing that appetite for detecting people in mistakes and misdemeanors, which his patient feels—must be faced, and the doctor has the plain duty before him of refusing to answer the questions put to him.

Again: let us take the case of a medical man who is called upon by a patient to pronounce an opinion on the question whether another practitioner has or has not been guilty of neglect amounting to a legal crime? Let us suppose that his internal judgment answers this question in the affirmative; even in this case he would decline to give any answer until he had communicated with the accused person, and heard his version of the matter; and if this should fail to shake the opinion already formed, the medical man whose opinion had been sought would still delay to deliver any judgment until he had consulted with some impartial professional authority. Nothing short of a previous investigation of this kind would be felt, by any honourable practitioner, to justify a charge of criminality against a colleague—and nothing short of criminality ought to tempt him to make any charge at all. In all cases short of this, true etiquette suggests that he should take refuge in absolute silence, if he cannot justify his brother practitioner. And whenever he has reason to

suppose that personal spite has instigated the request for his judicial opinion, he feels bound to throw cold water with all possible emphasis on the complaints of his client.

Another case, well adapted to test a medical man's loyalty to other members of the profession, is that of a physician called to give a second opinion in a case with the treatment of which the patient's friends are angrily dissatisfied. In many instances, of course, the original attendant is only too happy to assent to the consultation taking place, and the meeting of the doctors passes off in a perfectly friendly way. Such is not always the case, however: for the first medical attendant may have reason to know beforehand that the opinions of his proposed assistant differ so radically from his own that there is little chance of their coming to an agreement. Under these circumstances, the conference is almost inevitably entered on, by one or both parties, in a spirit of involuntary hostility: and it may well happen that they may find themselves obliged to tell the patient that there is no hope of their agreement. Now comes the awkward point: the patient or his friends must of course decide as to which of the proffered counsels they will be guided by; and the position of the adviser whose opinion is overridden becomes such as to test severely his loyalty to a colleague, as such. For his pride, joined with a certain swelling indignation born of strong scientific conviction, may urge him to throw up the case and retire; while his duty certainly bids him remain, and assist in carrying out thoroughly the plan of his rival.

One more illustration of the mutual relations of doctors will suffice us. A medical man happens to have a dear friend who is dangerously ill, and who is being treated by another doctor in a way which his medical friend disapproves. Is the latter to interfere, and to tell the patient or his friends his own opinion? He would certainly not do so until he had consulted the regular attendant privately. The latter would probably request his co-operation in the treatment and throw the responsibility of deciding whose advice shall be followed upon the patient's friends.

The above illustrations will, perhaps, sufficiently indicate the substantial principle on which doctors, though often unconsciously, base their conduct to each other. But, as in common life, the treatment which we bestow on any man depends much on whether or not we believe that he is acting honestly, so in the medical profession, any person who claims the benefit of that particular kind of social justice which we call etiquette must be able to prove that he is acting in good faith. The essence of all quackery, properly so called, is the absence of a *bona fides*, and it would be therefore interesting to define, if possible, what constitutes proof of such deficiency.

In the first place, it is needless to say that if any man pretends to understand the art of curing human diseases, he implies that he has studied the vital structure and functions of the human body, the natural history of diseases, and the effect of medicines on the healthy and on the sick

person respectively. Studies such as these are enormously expensive and troublesome, and can only be carried out by means of the association of students in a hospital school, such as exist in our metropolitan and some of our provincial cities. Unless, therefore, a medical man could give evidence of a reasonable period of study passed at such an institution, he might justly be suspected of bad faith in pretending to be able to cure; if he had passed such a period of study, diligently employed, he could have no difficulty in passing a legally qualifying examination; we should ask him, therefore, to produce his diploma, and we should justly deny, to a man who could not do so, the special courtesies due to a scientific colleague. But this is a comparatively simple case. A far more embarrassing question is, what attitude to assume towards a man who possesses the legal diploma, but disgraces it by his practice—we do not mean morally, but intellectually? What is the nature of the trust committed into the hands of a medical man at the time of his receiving a licence to practise? It certainly is not intended by his examiners as a permission to be blind to the progress of science and to continue obstinately to stick fast *super antiquas vias*, in the bad sense: and yet the temptation to do this is strong, and, in a certain number of cases, will prevail; nor could we expect anything else from the weakness of human nature. It is obvious that such a line of conduct involves a breach of good faith, which is quite as bad as that committed by the unlicensed quack, and, in strict justice, the doctor who follows this course ought to be denied the courtesies of the cloth. But this case is a proof that the laws of medical etiquette share the defects of all human laws; for, unfortunately, it is at present practically impossible to carry out the sentence on this class of offenders. So profoundly ignorant is the public of medical things, that this sort of negative conservatism is rather encouraged than otherwise by one class of patients, and the men who practise it sometimes obtain a large business and a high social consideration, which render it difficult to enforce professional penalties against them. It is worthy of note, that from this class of practitioners, happily becoming small, has proceeded nearly all that is exaggerated and unreal in medical etiquette—all that makes it resemble the vexatious frivolity of a Spanish code of ceremony.

The etiquette of doctors in dealing with their patients is regulated, of course, for the most part, by rules of ordinary good-breeding, which it is not necessary to dilate upon here. There is one question, however, which it is not easy to answer, and out of which arise many practical difficulties. How far is the doctor to treat his patient as a confidant? How far is it advisable for him to explain the reasons for the treatment he adopts, and the chances, so far as they can humanly be calculated, of success?

As for the question of explaining reasons for treatment, that may always be left to the doctor's discretion in each case, since it is a matter on which he clearly has the right to decide absolutely. The other question,—whether the doctor ought to make the patient a confidant of his ideas as to the probable issue of the illness,—cannot be so easily settled;

and indeed must be answered in very different terms, according to the circumstances of the individual case. Abstractedly speaking, no doubt the patient has a right, at all times, to insist on knowing the real opinion of his medical adviser as to the prospects of his malady. But as it would be manifestly foolish to give the patient this gratification at the expense of doing his health serious injury by the alarm which a very unfavourable opinion would excite in his mind, it is certainly justifiable to evade questionings on these points *within certain limits*. And as these limits are difficult to define, it may be as well at once to separate certain cases in which it certainly is not lawful to deceive the patient.

To argue from small things to great: in the first place, it clearly would not be just to allow a dying patient to remain ignorant of his state when there was a probability that this would lead him to neglect matters of business highly important to relatives and friends, unless the shock of the news of his danger would be likely to accelerate his death materially. And even in cases where the prospect of death was more remote, but still (humanly speaking) certain to be realized within a limited time, there could be no question, except that of the proper moment, as to the doctor's duty to declare his opinion when such interests were at stake. But he might very fairly shift all the responsibility, as to the manner of communicating the news to the patient, upon the relatives of the latter.

The influence which spiritual considerations ought to have in deciding a medical man to divulge a patient's real condition to him, is a very grave and difficult subject; and it is one respecting which we take leave to say that doctors are often grievously misunderstood and misrepresented by well-meaning persons, especially by the clergy. To take the case of persons actually in dying circumstances, with but a few hours of this world before them—here, since the hope of saving life has fled, the part of common honesty seems to be to inform the patient truly of his condition; and yet various arguments have been urged upon the other side. It is the duty of the doctor, say some, not merely to save life if he can, but, in cases where he is powerless to avert death, to promote the euthanasia, the peaceful and painless termination of life. In many cases, to inform the patient of an immediately approaching death would be to throw him into an agony of spiritual excitement; while, on the other hand, it is difficult to believe that, in his enfeebled condition, the mind could work freely and to useful purpose in the short time which remains.

There is a great deal of truth in these remarks. There can be no doubt that the doctor is bound to soothe, as well as to cure; and it is equally certain that the unexpected news of impending death would be to most persons very agitating. And it must be allowed that the extreme languor and feebleness of all mental operations, so far as we can see them, in the great majority of dying persons, give little hope that any useful self-examination can be made by moribund patients. To these considerations we reply that, putting aside altogether the question of supernatural

influence, as a topic unfit for discussion here, we have yet one answer which virtually settles the whole matter. By virtue of his very office the doctor is *no theologian*, that is, no decider of theological questions; it is not for him to meddle in these things as one having any authority; he is but the priest of another and a humbler temple. He is bound to deliver himself of the particular message which he has to tell (either to the patient or his friends), for this is one chief reason why doctors are employed, and common honesty demands that the tacit compact be fulfilled. The *only* exception to this rule is when there is a strong probability that the mental agitation produced will cut short life at once, or at least much more rapidly than it would otherwise have been brought to an end.

And still less, if we reflect upon it, does it seem justifiable for the medical attendant to allow patients who are doomed to death within a limited period, but who are not in immediate danger, to remain ignorant of their condition. For here the mental faculties are not overclouded, there is still time and strength for the performance of many important duties, still clearness of vision sufficient for a review of the long procession of past events and feelings. Concealment of the truth appears to us, in this case, to be simply unjust, although we well know that the motive which prompts it is humane. An instance of this mistaken kindness once came under our notice, and impressed us deeply. A celebrated hospital physician was walking the round of his patients, attended by a large number of students. Among the sick was a poor girl, evidently the victim of advanced consumption, but whose spirits were naturally buoyant, and were raised still higher by the flattering promises of probable amendment of health which, to our surprise, the doctor gave her. But no sooner had we left the ward than the great man turned to us, and said, with a smile of gentle melancholy, "Heaven forgive me! I could not tell a poor girl like that the real state of the case, you know."

The mistake here made was a natural one, but it was not the less a mistake, and a grave one. It was neither more nor less than allowing sentimentality to weigh against and prevail over the promptings of truth and of justice, and it cannot be too strongly reprobated. With mere sentimental likings and dislikings the physician has nothing to do; he is bound to mortify to the utmost his personal predilections, and to act simply as an honest adviser; and it may be added, that he will never need to contravene, in so acting, the instincts of real and far-sighted benevolence. It is obvious that, while weakly shrinking from the performance of a duty which might give present pain, the medical man in the story we have related was laying up for his patient, in all probability, much future anguish against the time of inevitable disclosure: and we are glad to think that such mistakes are not often made.

But there are numerous cases in which the physician's duty is by no means so clear as in the cases which we have referred to. It may, and often does happen, that he is himself doubtful as to his patient's chances of recovery, though in his private opinion the balance of probabilities

may be against a favourable issue, while he has the certain conviction that to tell the sick man of his danger would be to affect those chances fatally. Under such circumstances he will probably feel that his readiest escape from a difficulty of conscience is to communicate the real state of affairs to the patient's friends under a pledge that it shall not be repeated to the sufferer himself. But he has no right to take even this course unless he has a reasonable belief in their discretion ; for secrecy in this case forms a part of his therapeutical armament, and he is not justified in throwing away a single weapon causelessly. So long as there is any hope, so long ought the interest of the patient's bodily health to outweigh every consideration in the physician's mind ; for he is the appointed custodian of those interests, and must do his duty in regard to them. It will easily be seen that the responsibility of coming to a decision in such cases is a heavy one, and that it must press severely on a conscientious man ; and we may add that the situation of the physician is far more often one that should command sympathy than blame, even when he decides wrongly in such instances, and disaster follows from his conduct.

And now we have to consider medical etiquette as it affects the relations of the whole *corps médical* to the general public. This is a subject far too little reflected on ; but the great importance of which is manifesting itself more and more clearly every day.

It is not in accordance with a high conception of etiquette, for the man of science to proclaim one scientific fact so loudly and clamorously as to divert the attention of an unwary audience from other facts which materially modify its value. When, for instance, a well-known analyst declares (with such emphasis that one could fancy tears of gratitude standing in his eyes) that B—— and Co.'s London stout is a pure, a wholesome, a nourishing, a life-giving drink, he allows a too innocent public to suppose that the vats of Guinness, and Barclay, and Buxton, and Meux contain but a dull and muddy liquor, a mere sap of the tree of knowledge of evil ! And when the same great man asserts that, after minute inspection, of the most severely scientific kind, he has ascertained a fact which he thinks it necessary to print, viz. that D—— and Co. really sell pure and well-grown tea, does he not plainly hint that in this country the sale of sloe-leaves is mournfully common, if not all but universal ? We are sorry to say that we once saw a still more striking instance of limited appreciation : it was no less than a testimonial, framed and glazed, in a hair-dresser's window, purporting to emanate from a very well-known practitioner, and bearing fervid witness to the renovating influence of a—hair-wash ! However, we should make some allowance here. It was probably in the first delirium of joy on discovering that he had derived personal benefit from the preparation, that the man of science wrote those unguarded lines.

The custom here touched upon, of scientific men giving testimonials to particular tradesmen, for which they are paid, and which the tradesmen at once turn into money to large amounts, is indeed a very serious

one; and it may well be considered whether such a practice ought not to be checked, or at least regulated, by legislative enactment. It is very easy to speak with indignation of the scientific men who act in this way, but the fault is not only, or even in greatest part, on their side. It is chiefly to be found in the increasing laxity of commercial morals, which allows respectable merchants to use without a scruple means of increasing their trade which are, in truth, nothing less than so many forms of deception. The merchant dares to offer a bribe to the scientific man, though he is not so foolish as to put it in that coarse form, which he knows would be too revolting. And the man of science, quieting his first qualms of conscience with the fallacious truism that the goods really *are* excellent, reports accordingly, with all due flourish of scientific trumpets.

There is another way in which, by the statement of a part only of the truth, scientific men have it in their power to do much harm. In an article in the March number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, we noticed and deplored the scandalous conflicts of medical evidence which so frequently have occurred on criminal trials; and we ventured to suggest what the nature of any remedy must be which could hope to have any success in abating this evil. The remedy essentially consisted in making the whole business of medical evidence in courts of law an organized affair, and removing it out of the region of personal animosities and rivalries, and of grosser temptations. And this is, in fact, the essence of all genuine etiquette: it is a league of honest men who, for the best of purposes—that of preserving their honesty—submit themselves to certain restraining rules and regulations. In such a league it would be utterly forbidden to suggest views of what *might have been*, or to relate facts the whole value of which depends on their relation to other facts which are ignored.

We have thus endeavoured to give some illustrations of the way in which the laws of medical etiquette, reflecting as they do the essential character of medical science itself, are no mean palladium of the highest qualities which all high-minded practitioners would desire to see perpetuated in the profession. And now we have a few words to say concerning the degree in which medical men themselves maintain the standard which these rules point to.

It must be owned that the correspondence between what is tacitly acknowledged to be right, and what is actually practised, is not very exact—that is to say, not in all cases. There is a class of men composed of isolated individuals in all ranks of the profession, for whom the bitter struggle with an adverse fortune is too much, who succumb from want of strength; and because they are not able to bear the accumulated weight of poverty and excessive labour, choose the shorter paths to fortune, even though they be somewhat miry. Every such case tells, and is glaringly conspicuous to the public. Who is so well known and so freely talked of as the practitioner with quackish tendencies? Every foolish vulgar thing

the poor man ever did or said becomes the subject of a jest or denunciation; even his absurd habit of wearing black trousers, tail-coat, and white neckcloth, in the daytime, though harmless enough in itself, goes to make up an ideal which the intelligent classes of society despise and detest in its entirety. But let the reader try and estimate fairly what is the proportion of such men (having any legal qualification) to the respectable classes of the profession, and we think he will confess that it is at least as small as that of the black sheep to the white in either of the other professions which are called "learned." If this opinion be correct, it must certainly be to the laws of etiquette, the tradition of our forefathers, that we owe this immunity from any extraordinary tendency to humbug and quackery; for the temptations to it are enormous in the medical profession, and such as lawyers and divines have no idea of. The ignorance of the public on medical matters is so complete, and the very first steps in the path to knowledge of these matters seems to it so mysteriously difficult, that the humblest village doctor finds himself a hero—almost a magician—to a number of people. What a trial for men to have to endure whose minds are not particularly well trained, as from poverty is often the case with medical men! There must surely be some potent influence at work, keeping them the honest, steady-going, genuine men that, as a class, they are. Doubtless, a part of this effect is due to the sobering influence of looking constantly in the face of the great mysteries of Life, Disease, and Death; but these are influences with which one soon becomes familiar, too familiar to be inspired with the awe with which they struck the mind at first. We cannot doubt that it is the unwritten law which we, borrowing a tinsel-sounding foreign name, have called Etiquette, which really does, in great measure, produce this salutary effect; and we trust the day is far off when anything like a demolition of the outworks, which, if our view be right, guard the honesty and purity of the medical profession, shall be levelled, and the principle introduced of every man fighting simply for his own head, and in defiance of the interests of those to whom he ought naturally to look with warm sympathy.

Farmers.

THE "British farmer" belongs to that category of ideal personages under which come the "British merchant," the "old English gentleman," the "Irish peasant," and other embodiments of certain national characteristics, which have now to a great extent been, as it were, dispersed, and diffused over the general body politic. He still does survive, however, as a distinct type, if not exactly answering to all that our fancy may have painted him. It is rare, certainly, to meet with a genuine Poyser, perhaps the most perfect representation of the old race of farmers that has ever been produced in fiction. But something very like him may still be met with in the more secluded parts of England, and when once encountered he is not likely to be forgotten. He lived like Dandie Dinmont, in a kind of "sluttish plenty;" farming fairly, saving little, reading nothing: nursing, generally speaking, a sincere veneration for Church and King as the barriers which, somehow or other, kept out Frenchmen, kickshaws, and Catholics; respecting the clergyman and the squire as representatives of these two institutions; given to few vices and contented with few pleasures; altogether a sturdy, stationary, simple-hearted kind of man, who perplexed himself very little with politics, or, indeed, with any one's affairs except his own, and those of his own parish.

Now, however, this kind of man is the exception and not the rule. The pursuit of farming has extended itself so much among all classes of society, that farmers have to be divided into several distinct classes, no one of which corresponds with any exactness to the traditional agriculturist. When people now talk of farmers, they have only a very vague idea of what they mean by the word. Sometimes they mean any man who farms at all; sometimes any man who makes a livelihood of farming; sometimes only the regular tenant farmer who works upon the land himself, and in no way aspires to be a gentleman. It is, however, only to the last two of these classes that the term properly belongs, and more properly to the third than to the second. That is to say, it would always be an adequate account of a tenant farmer to say that he was a farmer; but it would not always be so in the case of any man who lived by farming. For instance, many men of good birth and university education have of late years taken to agriculture as a trade. But if one were asked what such a man was, and replied merely that he was a farmer, we should probably convey a very erroneous impression of him to the inquirer's mind.

Nor would it always be sufficient to say that such a one was a gentleman farmer. In many parts of England, it is true, this title denotes exclusively the gentleman who happens to farm. But elsewhere it is

simply the modern substitute for the yeoman, signifying a man who has land of his own, and is wealthier and more independent than the majority of tenants. Dismissing, therefore, all that class of persons who, if they farm at all, really do it either as an amusement or a scientific experiment, or whose proper work in life, at all events, is not that of a farmer, such as the nobility, squirearchy, and clergy of these realms, there remain, upon the whole, three classes, first, the gentleman farmer who is so called because he is a gentleman; secondly, the gentleman farmer who is so called to distinguish him from the tenant farmer; and thirdly, the tenant farmer himself, the most unmingled specimen of the genus. All these, of course, have a great deal in common *qua* farmers. But they are often wide as the poles asunder in education and intelligence; so that when smart London clubmen speak glibly of the "bucolic mind," they should recollect of what very various ingredients that mind is now composed; and that a good deal of refinement and literature and general culture is mixed up with it, which leavens the mass, and renders it more worthy of reverence than they are, too frequently, disposed to think it.

The gentleman farmer number one is almost always a capital kind of man to know. With the tastes and personal habits of the most refined classes he often unites a kind of jolly simplicity that one does not always find in squires. He feels that he is to some extent roughing it, that he is, as it were, "in the bush." He is conscious that not a very few years ago he must have been either a barrister, a soldier, or a clergyman, struggling perhaps on a short allowance or a poor living. Now he has shaken off those social fetters; leads a healthier and freer life than he could have done then; has amusements and luxuries which, in a profession, he could perhaps only have sighed for; and, what is more, can marry without inconvenience, as soon as the fated pair of eyes happen to look into his own. He has also this advantage over the regular village squire, that although his social circle is a limited one, it is not so limited as his. He sees a greater variety of human beings; he associates more with his fellow-creatures; he goes to market, and rubs up against cattle-dealers and corn-factors. On the other hand, he has, of course, the benefit of all the good society which his own neighbourhood affords. Thus he becomes more a man of the world, easier to get on with, and has fewer prejudices than his ostensible social superior. The family of such a man are pretty much what we can suppose the family of a well-to-do clergyman to be, if we eliminate the clerical aroma. His daughters are apt to be very charming: accomplished, and refined, with a sweet subdued air of country life about them, like the fragrance of a beanfield in June; great at croquet, picnics, and the conveyance of luncheon to shooting parties on a hazy hot September day. Here is your true Arcadia—especially when there are lots of birds!

The gentleman farmer number two is a far less desirable kind of man. In the first place, he is not a gentleman; in the second place, he is sure to be badly educated; in the third place, he is very likely to be both purse-proud and vulgar. He is, nine times out of ten, much fatter

than either of the other two grades. But fatness, with him, does not always mean good-humour. He is usually, however, of a jovial turn, and is fond of giving dinner-parties, which comprise the doctor, the squire's steward, the attorney from the next market town, and a brace of farmers like himself. They drink heady port-wine after dinner; then play at whist or loo, and have some final brandy-and-water before they disperse. The women of his family have, of course, no pretension to be ladies. Here again, however, let it not be supposed that there are no exceptions to the rule. There are many. But we must hurry on to number three, the party we love best of all.

This is the farmer, "pure and simple"—may he forgive us for coupling his honest name with any such outlandish phrase; who rents his two, three, or five hundred acres, as the case may be, attends exclusively to his business, and aims at being nothing but what his fathers have ever been before him. It is in this class that vestiges of the old farmer character, shadows and faint echoes of Mr. Poyser, may still be traced. These are the men who still have faith in old ale, which they drink by sips; who like standing outside the church door after service with their hands in the pockets of their drab knee-breeches, to compare notes on crops and prices, and pay their duty to the vicar. These are they who, if you call upon them while out shooting, have the natural politeness to offer you only what they know to be good, namely, a jug of home-brewed, whereas the more genteel party insists upon "a glass of sherry." Even among tenant farmers, however, this particular kind of man is growing scarcer and scarcer. We can remember one or two in whose sons hunting was a high crime and misdemeanor, and whose daughters plied their fancy-work in fear and secrecy. When one of these old gentlemen wished to be especially bitter, he would address the son as "my lord," and the sister as "my lady," the latter, a pretty and lady-like girl enough, being occasionally goaded by his sarcasms into tucking up her sleeves and petticoats and scrubbing the floor till she was crimson. Heaven in its mercy removed the worthy man to a better sphere ere crinoline invaded his home: *id rebus defuit unum*. That would have brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Still almost all these men belong to a past generation. Here and there, indeed, a man under forty may still be found who belongs to this class. But that is only in sequestered districts, where very primitive manners still linger among all ranks of the population. He is then rather a touching spectacle—a sort of Smike among farmers; the old-fashioned dress, the deferential manner, and the simplicity of ideas which sit pleasingly on the grey-haired sire, not appearing to equal advantage in the stalwart offspring. Generally the tenant farmer, though his manners and customs have altered of late years, is not intellectually much more advanced than his grandfathers. They differ, of course, very greatly among themselves; but the representative man is still guiltless of literature, little given to reflection, and slow to take an interest in novelties. There is, usually speaking, but little

affectation in him. He is civil, homely, and hospitable. The ancient manner, smacking as it did of the old feudal relation between a lord and his retainers, has disappeared simply because the relation has itself disappeared, though the shadow lingered long after the substance had departed. But still it has left behind it many of the old sterling virtues which we commonly associate with agriculture.

The farmer's connection with his landlord is now, however, almost wholly a commercial one; and since the repeal of the corn laws there is not even any one great interest which they share in common. Thus a certain reserve is frequently to be observed among the younger race of farmers, as of men who still desire to be perfectly courteous and accommodating, but who feel no longer quite that same sympathy with, and attachment towards, the gentleman, as such, which their fathers felt. They seem to wish you to comprehend that they stand upon their own bottom, and are obliged to nobody for anything. This makes intercourse with them less genial than it used to be; but it is part of the inevitable change which time has brought with it to all English society, and considering it from a purely rational point, there is no ground, perhaps, for grumbling. The change, however, has doubtless robbed the idea of the English farmer of much of its picturesqueness. Tweed trousers are not nearly so effective in point of colour as yellow leggings; nor is an increased rental and scientific agriculture a romantic exchange for that personal service which it was always supposed that the tenant would willingly have rendered. Not but what we think it very probable that, on many large estates to this day, the tenants would arm and fight under their landlord's banner in a cause which approved itself to their reason. But they would no longer accept their view of public affairs implicitly from him, or go out merely because he asked them.

The wives and daughters of these men, where they do not aspire to be fine ladies, are often very nice. But as a general rule we fear now-a-days that the old-fashioned idea of rustic beauty is seldom to be realized: a really pretty farmer's daughter of the class we are describing being quite as rare a bird as that creation of the poets, the lovely milkmaid. We expect to see a lovely mermaid quite as soon as this latter work of art, though we were bred up in a dairy county. Whether it is that these nymphs have all become extinct because the "fine gentlemen" from London, to whose amusement, a hundred years ago, they were necessary in the country, have become extinct also, and that in this way the supply has followed the demand, we cannot undertake to say. But they are not to be found now by gentle or simple. Still, a farmer's daughter, *when* pretty, is often very pretty indeed. Perhaps the nature of her occupations, and the aspect of the people round about her, afford a more than usually favourable contrast with a delicate skin, a clear pale complexion—

Like privet when it flowers—

a softly swelling contour and a lissome figure.

Such are the three chief classes into which farmers may be divided.

Of course they run into one another. But upon the whole we think they fairly represent the broader and more generic varieties of agricultural life. We will now, however, beg our readers to bear in mind that our remaining remarks must be understood upon the whole as applicable rather to the last-mentioned variety of the species than to the two former. Not but what, of course, they will have occasional reference to the entire class; but naturally the higher you ascend in the scale, the more does the farmer come to share in the attributes of a much larger segment of the social circle, and the less to be conspicuous for special humours and peculiarities.

It is often supposed that a country life is more favourable to the humanities than a town life: that it exercises more effectively the imaginative and contemplative faculties, and supplies healthier food to the generous qualities of our nature. This proposition as a whole we are not about to call in question. We would only remark that, in order to receive the full benefit which it ascribes to the spiritual atmosphere of a country life, a man must have a mind so constituted as to be able to absorb and assimilate it. Probably few men are quite destitute of the capacity to do this. But we believe that some are; and also that some occupations more than others are calculated as it were to close up our moral pores, and so to neutralize the operation of those external influences by which our neighbours are affected. Now it is obvious that a farmer's labours having a constant tendency to fix his attention upon the productive and lucrative aspects of the land he lives in, are so far calculated to blind his eyes to any other, and so to deaden his perception of that moral music which copse and hedgerow, meadow and corn-field, the stately elms and the lazy brook, are assumed by our present hypothesis to be capable of expressing. It is a curious circumstance, but it is nevertheless quite true, that it is commoner to hear the beauties of the country spoken of in an appreciative tone by a day-labourer than by a regular farmer. The farmer, no doubt, does imbibe a certain amount of wholesome influence from the scenes in which his life is passed; but the process is continually retarded, and the effects impaired, by the nature of his daily occupations. Just as we are often told that it is a very bad plan to teach children to read out of the Bible, because, by regarding it as a task-book, they lose not only reverence for its character, but also the power of appreciating in after life its great beauties; and just as Byron could never come to like Horace because he had been made to work at it as a text of scholarship, so the man absorbed in utilizing nature is more or less cut off from the point of view which reveals her best beauties. We must, therefore, be prepared to modify very much that estimate of agricultural character which is founded upon the softening and humanizing influences to which it is necessarily exposed.

It is likewise to be remembered that in farming there is less speculation than in other trades. By speculation we do not exactly mean gambling, but those wider possibilities both of expansion and invention, which belong to commerce. A new country opened up, a new process

or a new manufacture discovered, may make the fortunes of millions. Every man engaged in trade in ever so small a way has these possibilities before him. As every French private was said to carry a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, so, without much strain upon reality, may every little shopkeeper in England be said to carry in his pocket the chance of becoming a millionaire. That the spirit which is thus engendered in commercial men does often lead to ill results may be true enough, but still it undoubtedly tends to enlarge the mind, and to make it capable of taking in a longer chain of cause and effect. It warms the imagination, and habituates merchants of the higher class to look forward to remote results, and to see great events in their beginnings. But the farmer, in spite of all that chemistry and machinery have done for him, is still much of the *terræ filius*.

*Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro,
Hic anni labor.*

He passes the year in the same round of toil. And partly, perhaps, from the regularity and rapidity with which immediate visible results follow upon all that he does, partly from the intensely *real* nature of his occupations, he acquires that strong *cui bono* turn of mind to which we have already referred, but from which, oddly enough, he is often supposed to enjoy some special immunity. We believe there is no class of men more thoroughly utilitarian in many points of view than farmers are, and were it not that this spirit is neutralized by another one presently to be mentioned, very curious changes might occur in the present state of rural politics. This sentiment colours all their ideas of religion and government, and often manifests itself in the most quaint and unexpected shapes. We recollect a little while ago hearing a farmer, probably above the average of his class in general intelligence, observe that in his opinion England ought to go to war at certain intervals, whether provoked to it or not. And what does the reader suppose was his reason for this way of thinking? It was not because war kept alive the martial spirit of the country, or caused us to be respected by other nations, or might make fresh conquests and colonies. Not at all; but simply because we *had an army*: which to pay, clothe, and feed without using seemed to him an absurdity. It was, then, in stable language, eating its head off: a process which was just as aggravating in the case of armies as of horses. Clearly it should be the wish of every true patriot that the frost of peace should break up after a time, and the soldier be saddled for the field to do something in return for his rations. Another still more striking example of the same tone of mind we remember to have witnessed during one of the two or three hard winters which followed each other in succession some few years ago. The hard frost had broken up with unusual suddenness, and a heavy flood had risen in less than four-and-twenty hours along the low-lying meadow country, where the scene of our anecdote is placed. Being out for a "constitutional" about four o'clock on a dismal January afternoon, we suddenly, on turning a corner, came upon the bulky figure of a man

clad in a large drab uppercoat, and leaning on the gate which opened into a small meadow now entirely under water. The man's countenance was indicative of great dissatisfaction : but there was something more than mere dissatisfaction visible on his broad red face. A look of vacant perplexity, a sort of struggling wish to interrogate the universe in general as to the meaning of its present phenomena, arrested our attention at once. We soon learned the cause of his bewilderment. He had, it appeared, for some months previously been putting out some sheep to graze at a village about ten miles off, not having room for them on his own farm. The day before the flood began he had brought them all the way home for the express purpose of quartering them in this particular meadow. They had hardly been turned in when it became necessary to bring them out again. This disposition of events our farmer professed himself wholly at a loss to interpret. "It seems so hod," he said more than once with the air of a deeply injured man. What *was* the use of this flood coming at that particular moment? It could serve no good end that he could see. And although he did not go so far as to assert openly that it was a special visitation on himself, his mind being incapable of coming to any such definite conclusion without much greater labour than he had yet expended on the subject; yet one could see that by reason of his inability to perceive its immediate purpose, some such half-formed thoughts were working uneasily in his brain, and that he was unconsciously asking himself whether, after all, it was possible that such things could be; and that a dead set *was* sometimes made against individuals by those mysterious and occult forces which were what people meant, he supposed, by nature, providence, or fate. The contemplation of this problem was evidently too much for him; his tea-time had arrived, we knew; but yet he stirred not; and we left him still gazing moodily over the dreary cold expanse of water which had marred in this inexplicable way his pastoral arrangements.

We have said that the utilitarian and materialistic spirit which is characteristic of farmers is counteracted by another and still more deeply rooted sentiment, which prevents the former one from having much effect upon their conduct. We mean that strong natural conservatism which, in the absence of exceptional causes, is always to be found in farmers. The immutability of the operations of nature, the certain recurrence of the seasons, the very permanence and stability of all the objects round about them, generate a moral habit which shrinks from any kind of change, and disposes men to rest in confidence under the shadow of immemorial traditions. With the dweller in towns, at all events in these latter days, everything, on the contrary, is undergoing perpetual transformation. The street in which he played as a boy is pulled down before he grows into a man. Old landmarks disappear in all directions. New churches, shops, and hotels rise almost "like exhalations." Everything around him breathes of progress, invention, expectation, and the greatness of what is to be. The farmer, on the other hand, still sees through every stage of life the same objects which saluted him in his

infancy. The old hills which looked down upon his birth attend him to his grave. The old foot-path over the brook, and across the pasture, and through the beans; the row of old trees with the half-dozen rooks' nests at the top; the very shape of each separate field, and the turns and twists of every hedge; remain as they have been for centuries, and are likely to be for centuries more. All breathe of repose, antiquity, immobility, and the sanctity of what is. The influence of this atmosphere (not to be confounded, be it remembered, with its æsthetic influences) shows itself upon the farmer in the growth of a lazy but still approving acquiescence in all existing institutions, and is strong enough to contend successfully with the rival element of his character which we have already described. He supposes that they're all right. Things in general, it strikes him, seem meant to last a long time: why not the Church, the Queen, and the House of Lords? Even the dissenting farmer is seldom inspired by any hostility towards the Church. Here and there, of course, he may be goaded by an injudicious parson into open war against her claims. But otherwise his dissent is only the bequest of former times, to which he adheres from habit, but without the slightest ill-feeling towards the Church, her ministers, her offices, or her rates.

Another cause of agricultural conservatism is rather negative than positive; we mean the comparative absence of those petty social jealousies which prevail so much in large towns. It never enters into the farmer's head that he ought to associate on equal terms with the squire or the clergyman. A great number of farmers still always go to the back-door, if they have occasion to call at either house. In this respect they are perfectly unassuming; but, at the same time, perfectly free from anything like servility or cringing. In fact, it is probable that their own self-respect is much better preserved by this course of conduct than by pushing their way into drawing-rooms, where even the best of them are not exactly ornamental. When the smart young tenant, in his turn-down collar, red scarf, and large pin, begins to talk upon professional subjects, such as stock, breeding, manure, and the like topics of elegant conversation, his remarks very often show more science than delicacy.

Farmers, however, on the whole, are, to use the slang language of the day, an eminently "good sort." Taken as a class, you find less affectation, less vulgarity—in a word, less snobbishness—among them than perhaps among any other one class of the community. In book knowledge they are certainly inferior, and their minds no doubt move more sluggishly than those of the inhabitants of cities. But, after all, if we exclude a very small circle, how much of the enjoyment of life consists either of literature or of keen intellectual contests? The farmer generally has good sense, good nature, and is always hospitable. He is not usually the kind of man one would care to travel with to Rome or Athens. But in his own house or his own fields he is often a capital companion, and always an unexceptionable host.

Foreign Actors and the English Drama.

THAT our drama is extinct as literature, and our stage is in a deplorable condition of decline, no one will venture to dispute; but there are two opinions as to whether a revival is possible, or even probable, and various opinions as to the avenues through which such a revival may be approached. There are three obvious facts which may be urged against the suggestions of hope: these are, the gradual cessation of all attempts at serious dramatic literature, and their replacement by translations from the French or adaptations from novels; the slow extinction of provincial theatres, which formed a school for the rearing of actors; and, finally, the accident of genius on our stage being unhappily rarer than ever. In the face of these undeniable facts, the hopeful are entitled to advance facts of equal importance on their side. Never in the history of our stage were such magnificent rewards within the easy grasp of talent; never were there such multitudes to welcome good acting. Only let the dramatist, or the actor, appear, and not London alone but all England, not England alone but all Europe, will soon resound with his name. Dramatic literature may be extinct, but the dramatic instinct is ineradicable. The stage may be in a deplorable condition at present, but the delight in mimic representation is primal and indestructible. Thus it is that, in spite of people on all sides declaring that "they have ceased to go to the theatre," no sooner does an actor arise who is at all above the line, no sooner does a piece appear that has any special source of attraction, than the public flock to the theatre as it never flocked in what are called "the palmy days" of the drama. Fechter could play *Hamlet* for seventy consecutive nights: which to Garrick, Kemble, or Edmund Kean would have sounded like the wildest hyperbole; and the greatest success of Liston and Matthews seems insignificant beside the success of *Lord Dundreary*. There is a ready answer to such facts conveyed in the sneer at public taste, and the assertion that all intelligence has departed, leaving only a vulgar craving for "sensation pieces." It is a cheap sneer. There is a mistake respecting sensation pieces: it is not because intelligence has departed, and there is no audience for better things, but simply because the numbers of pleasure-seekers are so much increased; and at all times the bulk of the public has cared less for intelligence than for sensation, less for art than amusement. If intelligent people now go to witness inferior pieces, it is because better things are not produced; and sensation pieces, although appealing to the lowest faculties, do appeal to them effectively. If there are crowds to see the *Colleen Bawn* and the *Duke's Motto*, it is because these pieces are really good of their kind; the kind may be a low kind; but will any

one say that the legitimate drama has of late years been represented in a style to satisfy an intellectual audience? Who would leave the "comforts of the Saut-market" for the manifold discomforts of a theatre, unless some strong intellectual or emotional stimulus were to be given in exchange? and who can be expected to submit with patience to lugubrious comedy and impossible tragedy, such as has been offered of late years to the British public? What wonder, considering that these "higher efforts" had so dreary an effect, that even the intelligent public sought amusement in efforts which were not so exalted, but really did amuse? A public seeks amusement at the theatre, and turns impatiently from dreariness to Dreariness. Let an Edmund Kean—or any faint approach to an Edmund Kean—appear to-morrow, and the public will rush to see him as they rushed to hear Jenny Lind: the mob, because they are easily pleased and will rush to see any one about whom the world is talking; the intelligent public, because they are always ready to welcome genius. The proof of this eagerness to welcome any exceptional talent is the success of Fechter and Ristori; and, in another direction, the proof of the deplorable condition of our stage is the success of Mdle. Stella Colas. Fechter and Ristori are both accomplished actors; not great actors, but still, within the limits of their powers, possessed of the perfect mechanism of their art; gifted, moreover, with physical and intellectual advantages which render them admirable representatives of certain parts. Mdle. Colas, on the contrary, though she is sweetly pretty, and has a sympathetic voice, and a great deal of untrained energy, is not yet an actress; there are only the possibilities of an actress in her.

The disadvantages of a language unfamiliar as a spoken language to the great bulk of the audience, and of companions who are scarcely on a level with the actors in the open-air theatres of Italy, have not prevented Ristori from achieving an immense success; nor have the terrible disadvantages of an intonation and pronunciation which play havoc with Shakspeare's lines prevented Fechter from "drawing the town." There is something of fashion in all this, of course; something to be attributed to the mere piquancy of the fact that Shakspeare is played by a French actor: but we must not exaggerate this influence. It may draw you to the theatre out of curiosity, but it will not stir your emotion when in the theatre, and will not bring down tumultuous applause at the great scenes. No sooner are you *moved*, than you forget the foreigner in the emotion. And the proof that it really is what is excellent, and not what is adventitious, which creates the triumph of Fechter in *Hamlet*, is seen in the supreme ineffectiveness of his *Othello*. In *Ruy Blas* and the *Corsican Brothers* he was recognized as an excellent actor—not by any means a great actor, very far from that; but one who in the present condition of the stage was considered a decided acquisition. He then played *Hamlet*, and gave a new and charming representation to a part in which no actor has been known to fail; and the uncritical concluded that he was a great actor. But when he came to a part like

Othello, which calls upon the greatest capabilities of an actor, the public then remembered that he was a foreigner, and discovered that he was not a tragedian. If he, or Mario, were to play *Romeo*, it is probable that the town would run after such a performance, not merely from curiosity, but from genuine delight in a representation which moved them.

I conclude, then, that there is a vast and hungry public ready to welcome and reward any good dramatist or fine actor; but in default of these, willing to be amused by *spectacles* and sensation pieces. Whether the dramatist or actor will arise, and by his influence create a stage once more, is a wider question. I shall not enter upon it here, nor shall I touch on the causes of the present condition. My purpose is rather to consider the suggestion which has been made of the probable influence of foreign actors upon our stage. Some have thought that here is an opportunity for our young actors to surprise many of the secrets of the art, and to unlearn some of their own conventional errors. In one sense this is plausible; for a young student, if at once gifted and modest, may undeniably learn much in the study of artists belonging to a wholly different school; especially if he can discriminate what is conventional in them, though unlike his own conventionalism. Nevertheless, on the whole, I think the gain likely to be small; just as the gain to our painters is small if they are early sent to Rome to study the great masters. They become imitators; and imitate what is conventional, or individual mannerism.

There is a mistake generally made respecting foreign actors, one, indeed, which is almost inevitable, unless the critic be extremely analytic, or has long been familiar with the foreign stage. I allude to the mistake of supposing an actor to be fresh and original because he has not the conventionalisms with which we are familiar on our own stage. He has those of his own. The traditions of the French, German, and Italian theatres thus appear to our unfamiliar eyes as the inventions of the actors; just as in our youth we thought it deliciously comic when the rattling young gentleman placed his cane on the gouty old gentleman's toe—a bit of "business" which now affects us with the hilarity of an old Joe Miller. When Emile Devrient played *Hamlet* with the German company, both he and the actor who took the part of *Polonius* were thought by our old playgoers to be remarkable artists, simply because the "business" was so very novel. But any one familiar with the German stage could have assured them that this business was all traditional, and could have pointed out the extremely mechanical style in which the parts were performed. It is true that English actors might have gained some hints from studying these representations; but only by discriminating those elements which fitly belong to the characters from those which were German conventionalisms.

Thus, I do not know that under any circumstances the presence of foreign actors on our stage could have more than the negative influence of teaching our actors to avoid some of their conventionalisms. It could

only have a direct and positive influence in the case of real genius, which would display the futility of conventionalisms, and teach the actor to rely on sincerity of expression. When great effects are seen to be produced by the natural language of emotion, the intelligent actor loses his confidence in rant.

Passing from these general considerations to the special case of the foreign actors now on our stage, let us ask what probability is there of any good influence being derived from such models? Ristori is universally spoken of as the rival of Rachel: many think her superior. The difference between them seems to me the difference between talent and genius, between a woman admirable in her art, and a woman creative in her art. Ristori has complete mastery of the mechanism of the stage, but is without the inspiration necessary for great acting. A more beautiful and graceful woman, with a more musical voice, has seldom appeared; but it is with her acting as with her voice—the line which separates charm from profound emotion is never passed. When I saw her in *Lady Macbeth* my disappointment was extreme; none of the qualities of a great actress were manifested. But she completely conquered me in *Medea*; and the conquest was all the more noticeable, because it triumphed over the impressions previously received from Robson's burlesque imitation. The exquisite grace of her attitudes, the mournful beauty of her voice, the flash of her wrath, and the air of supreme distinction which seems native to her, gave a charm to this performance which is unforgettable. No wonder that people were enthusiastic about an actress who could give them such refined pleasure; and no wonder that few paused to be very critical of her deficiencies. I missed, it is true, the *something* which Rachel had: the sudden splendour of creative power, the burning-point of passion; yet I confess that I then thought it possible she might prove a more consummate comedian than Rachel, though so manifestly inferior to her in great moments. That supposition was a profound mistake. I discovered it on seeing *Adrienne Lecouvreur* the other night. The disappointment, not to say weariness, felt at this performance, caused me to recur to the disappointment felt at her *Lady Macbeth*: these performances marked a limit, and defined the range of her artistic power. In *Adrienne* there was still the lovely woman, with her air of distinction and her musical voice; but except in the recitation of the pretty fable of the two pigeons, the passage from *Phèdre*, and the one look of dawning belief brightening into rapture, as she is reassured by her lover's explanation, there was nothing in the performance which was not thoroughly conventional. Nor was this the worst fault. In the lighter scenes she was not only conventional, but committed that common mistake of conventional actors, an incongruous mixture of effects.

Let me explain more particularly what is meant by the term conventional acting. When an actor feels a vivid sympathy with the passion, or humour, he is representing, he *personates*, i. e. speaks through, the character; and for the moment is what he *represents*. He can do this only

in proportion to the vividness of his sympathy, and the plasticity of his organization, which enables him to give *expression* to what he feels; there are certain physical limitations in every organization which absolutely prevent adequate expression of what is in the mind; and thus it is that the dramatist can rarely personate one of his own conceptions. But within the limits which are assigned by nature to every artist, the success of the personation will depend upon the vividness of his sympathy, and his honest reliance on the truth of his own individual expression, in preference to the conventional expressions which may be accepted on the stage. This is the great actor, the creative artist. The conventional artist is one who either, because he does not feel the vivid sympathy, or cannot express what he feels, or has not sufficient energy of self-reliance to trust frankly to his own expressions, cannot *be* the part, but tries to *act* it, and is thus necessarily driven to adopt those conventional means of expression with which the traditions of the stage abound. Instead of allowing a strong feeling to express itself through its natural signs, he seizes upon the conventional signs, either because in truth there is no strong feeling moving him, or because he is not artist enough to give it genuine expression; his lips will curl, his brow wrinkle, his eyes be thrown up, his forehead be slapped, or he will grimace, rant, and "take the stage," in the style which has become traditional, but which was perhaps never seen off the stage; and thus he runs through the gamut of sounds and signs which bear as remote an affinity to any real expressions, as the pantomimic conventions of ballet-dancers.

A similar contrast is observed in literature. As there are occasionally actors who *personate*—who give expression to a genuine feeling—so there are occasionally writers, not merely *littérateurs*, who give expression in words to the actual thought which is in their minds. The writer uses words which are conventional signs, but he uses them with a sincerity and directness of individual expression which makes them the genuine utterance of *his* thoughts and feelings; the *littérateur* uses conventional phrases, but he uses them without the guiding instinct of individual expression; he tries to express what others have expressed, not what is really in his own mind. With a certain skill, the *littérateur* becomes an acceptable workman; but we never speak of him as a *writer*, never estimate him as a man of genius, unless he can make his own soul speak to us. The conventional language of poetry and passion, of dignity and drollery, may be more or less skilfully used by a writer of talent; but he never delights us with those words which come from the heart, never thrills us with the simple touches of nature—those nothings which are immense, and which make writing memorable.

In saying that Ristori is a conventional actress, therefore, I mean that with great art she employs the traditional conventions of the stage, and reproduces the effects which others have produced, but does not deeply move us, because not herself deeply moved. Take away her beauty, grace, and her voice, and she is an ordinary comedian; whereas Kean

and Pasta were assuredly neither handsome nor imposing in physique, and Rachel made a common Jewish physiognomy lovely by mere force of expression. In *Medea*, Ristori was conventional and admirable. In *Adrienne*, she was conventional and inartistic, for while the character was not *personated*, but simulated, it was simulated by conventional signs drawn from a totally wrong source. The comedy was the comedy of a *soubrette*; the playfulness had the *minauderie* of a frivolous woman, not the charm of a smile upon a serious face. It is a common mistake of conventional serious actors in comic scenes to imitate the "business" and manner of comic actors. The tragedian wishing to be funny, thinks he must approach the low comedy style, and is often vulgar, always ineffective, by his very efforts at being effective. Ristori might have learned from Rachel that the lighter scenes of *Adrienne* could be charming without once touching on the "business" of the *soubrette*; and playgoers who remember Helen Faucit, especially in parts like *Rosalind* (a glimpse of which was had the other night), will remember how perfectly that fine actress can represent the joyous playfulness of young animal spirits, without once ceasing to be poetical. The gaiety of a serious nature even in its excitement must always preserve a certain tone which distinguishes it from the mirth of unimpassioned natures: a certain groundswell of emotion should be felt beneath. The manner may be light, but it should spring from a deep soil. Just as we feel the difference between the comedy of Shakspeare and Molière, even when most extravagant, and the comedy of Congreve and Scribe; there is a heartier laugh, but a more serious background. At any rate, the unity of effect which is demanded in all representation is greatly damaged when, as in the case of *Adrienne* represented by Ristori, instead of the playfulness of an impassioned woman, we have a patchwork of effects—a bit of a *soubrette* tacked on to a bit of the coquette, that again to a bit of the *ingénue*, and that to a tragic part. Ristori was not one woman in several moods, but several actresses playing several scenes.

Nevertheless, while insisting on her deficiencies, I must repeat the expression of my admiration for Ristori as a distinguished actress; if not of the highest rank, she is very high, in virtue of her personal gifts, and the trained skill with which these gifts are applied. And her failures are instructive. The failures of distinguished artists are always fruitful in suggestion. The question naturally arises, why is her success so great in certain plays, and so dubious in Shakspeare or the drama? It is of little use to say that *Lady Macbeth* and *Adrienne* are beyond her means; that is only re-stating the fact; can we not trace both success and failure to one source? In what is called the ideal drama, constructed after the Greek type, she would be generally successful, because the simplicity of its motives and the artificiality of its structure, removing it from beyond the region of ordinary experience, demand from the actor a corresponding artificiality. Attitudes, draperies, gestures, tones, and elocution which would be incongruous in a drama approaching more nearly to the

evolutions of ordinary experience, become, in the ideal drama, artistic modes of expression; and it is in these that Ristori displays a fine selective instinct, and a rare felicity of organization. All is artificial, but then all is congruous. A noble unity of impression is produced. We do not clamorously demand individual truth of character and passion; the ideal sketch suffices. It is only on a smaller scale what was seen upon the Greek stage, where the immensity of the theatre absolutely interdicted all individualizing; spectators were content with masks and attitudes where in the modern drama we demand the fluctuating physiognomy of passion, and the minute individualities of character. When, however, the conventional actress descends from the ideal to the real drama, from the simple and general to the complex and individual in personation, then she is at a disadvantage. Rachel could make this descent, as all will remember who saw her *Adrienne* or *Lady Tartuffe*; but then Rachel *personated*, she spoke through the character, she suffered her inward feelings to express themselves in outward signs; she had not to cast about her for the outward signs which conventionally expressed such feelings. She had but a limited range; there were few parts she could play; but those few she personated, those she created. I do not believe that Ristori could personate; she would always seek the conventional signs of expression, although frequently using them with consummate skill.

If what I have said is true, it is clear that the gain to our stage from the study of such an actress would be small. Her beauty, her distinction, her grace, her voice, are not imitable; and nowhere does she teach the actor to rely on natural expression. Still more is this the case with Fechter, an artist many degrees inferior to Ristori, yet an accomplished actor in his own sphere. With regard to Mdle. Stella Colas, bad as our actors are, they have nothing to learn from her. As I said, she is very pretty, and has a powerful voice; but her performance of *Juliet*, which seems to delight so many honest spectators, is wholly without distinction. During the first two acts one recognizes a well-taught pupil, whose play is very good, and whose youth and beauty make a pleasant scenic illusion. The balcony scene, though not at all representing Shakespeare's *Juliet*, was a pretty and very effective bit of acting. It was mechanical, but skilful too. It assured me that she was not an actress of any spontaneity; but it led me to hope more from the subsequent scenes than she did effect. Indeed, as the play advanced, my opinion of her powers sank. No sooner were the stronger emotions to be expressed than the mediocrity and conventionalism became more salient. She has great physical energy, and the groundlings are delighted with her displays of it; nor does the monotony of her vehemence seem to weary them, more than the inartistic redundancy of effort in the quieter scenes. She has not yet learned to speak a speech, but tries to make every *line* emphatic. Partly this may be due to the difficulty of pronouncing a foreign language; but not wholly so, as is shown in the redundancy of gesture and "busi-

ness." Her elocution would be very defective in her own language; and its least defect, to my apprehension, is the imperfection of her English accent. With all her vehemence, she is destitute of passion; she "splits the ears of the groundlings," but moves no human soul. Her looks, tones, gestures—all have the well-known melodramatic unreality; and if a British public riotously applauds her energetic passages, it is but justice to that public to say that it *also* applauds the ranting *Romeo*, and other amazing representatives of the play.

With regard to the young actress herself about whom I am forced to speak thus harshly, I see so much *material* for future distinction, that I almost regret this early success. So much personal charm, so much energy, and so much ambition, may even yet carry her to the front ranks; but at present, I believe that every French critic would be astonished at the facility with which English audiences have accepted his young countrywoman; and he would probably make some derogatory remarks upon our insular taste. I do not for one moment deny her success—I only point to its moral. The stage upon which such acting could be regarded as excellent is in a pitiable condition. It is good mob acting: charming the eye and stunning the ear. The audiences have for so long been unused to see any truer or more refined representation, that they may be excused if, misled by the public press, and the prestige attached to the young Frenchwoman because she is French, they go prepared to see something wonderful, and believe that a *Juliet* so unlike anything they have ever seen is really a remarkable representation. The applauders find their more intelligent friends unwilling to admit that Mdlle. Colas is at present anything more than a very pretty woman, and peevishly exclaim, "Hang it! you are so difficult to please." But I believe that were the stage in a more vigorous condition, there would be no difference of opinion on this point. If Mdlle. Colas finds easy admirers, it is because, as the Spaniards say, in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king.

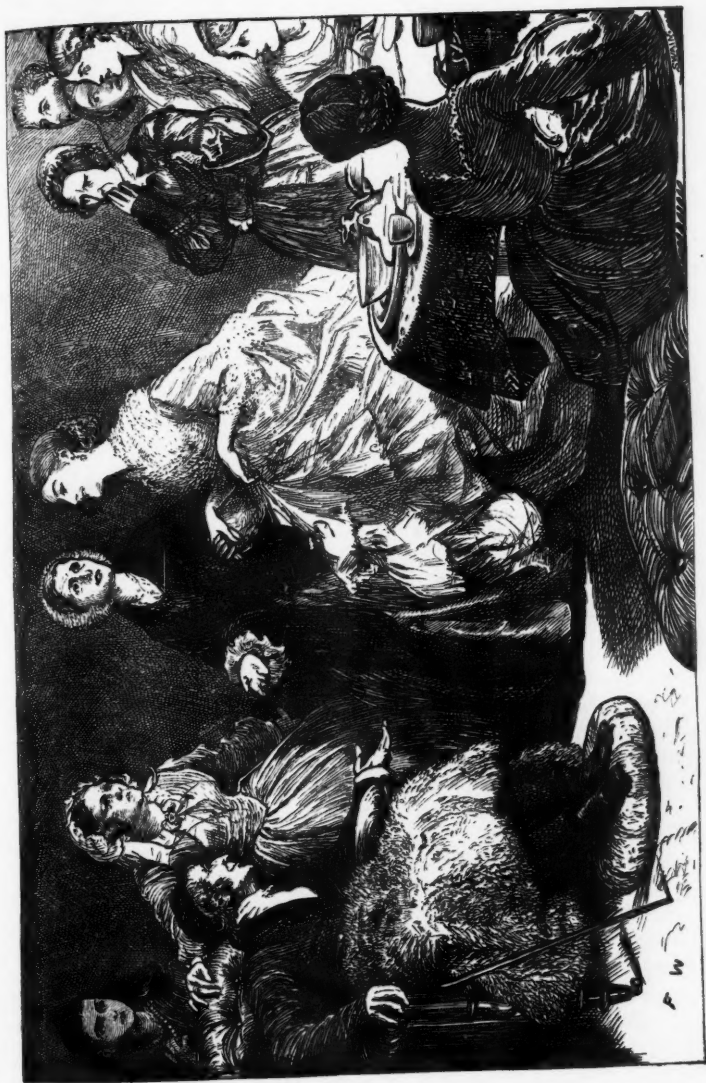
“Mrs. Archie.”

I.

THE dwelling-house at Glenrig lay towards the sea, under sheltering hills, in a mountainous nook of the county Antrim. It was a romantic old place, and, of course, a legend clung to it. The story ran that a mysterious treasure lay secreted somewhere within the walls, supposed to have been hidden, ages since, on the occasion of a visit paid to the mountains by Cromwell's soldiers. The Mistress MacArthur of that day had given a ball on a certain night, and danced until a late hour, in a yellow satin gown and a quantity of jewels. Early next morning the unwelcome visitors had arrived, and the family fled empty-handed, but no jewels had been seen in the house, neither then, nor ever afterwards. Therefore, the gossips held, some secret hiding-place had been resorted to, and one day a prize must come to light. The legend of the treasure had passed down through many generations, but latterly it had almost died out. One old woman in the neighbourhood, who claimed descent from a confidential servant of the above-mentioned Mistress MacArthur, had pretended to know the exact spot where the treasure lay, and all the circumstances of its burial. But this old woman belonged to a spiteful race, and would never tell her secret, if secret she possessed.

Aunt Penelope believed in it, and she had tried many plans to find out whether or not old Nannie knew more than she knew herself. There was no end to the sneers she encountered from aunt MacAlister on the subject of her credulity; but, whether from charity, or with a view of conciliating old Nannie, she did induce aunt Janette to take home, as playfellow for Letitia, a little girl, the old woman's grandchild. However, the girl had turned out badly and been sent away, after which old Nannie and she had left the country, so that there was no longer a chance for aunt Penelope's craze of finding the treasure being satisfied.

And, indeed, this present family seemed about as little likely to discover it as any of their predecessors. Old Randal MacArthur, who had been visited with paralysis, was deaf, and had never quite recovered the use of his limbs, sat constantly in his chair, a patient cheerful Christian, willing to linger on among his children and his clan of friends as long as it pleased Heaven to leave him, but dreading nothing upon earth so much as change of any kind. His wife—"aunt Janette," as she was called by some scores of nephews and nieces—was a little, low-voiced woman, scarcely less noiseless than her own shadow. Her daughters, Mary and Rachel, were each a fair copy of their mother—not in person, but in the placidity of their tempers, and the unwearied quietude of their demeanour. All three



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would have been terrified at the thought of breaking in on the still routine of their life by pulling down walls or dragging up floors in search of a thing the chances of whose existence hung on a legend. Letitia laughed at it. She was an orphan whom old Randal had claimed in her infancy by virtue of some mythical fifty-sixth cousinship, and had brought up as his youngest daughter. She was a busy spirit, quick in her motions, clear in her judgment, ready with her help, and, consequently, in sleepy Glenrig the household fairy, the ordering genius of the place from garret to cellar. She loved the old story, and laughed at it; pulled it to pieces one day, and put it together again the next, dressing it up in the most brilliant colours.

The only person who might have shown any energy in the matter was Archie, the eldest of the family, and only son of the house, who was at present trying to make his way at the English bar; and, spite of his Irish tongue and his Irish birth, was making it. But his energies and ambition had found a more practical channel than among broken walls bedded with imaginary treasure. Archie had enough to do, for the MacArthurs had been waxing poorer of late years, and he had gone forth to make for himself an independent name and fortune. Had the making of this fortune not been necessarily a tedious process, some thought that a certain pair of bright eyes which kept Glenrig in mischief and sunshine would have been even now shining beside him in London. However, people only surmised. The only one who could say anything on the subject was Letitia, and she—who could be discreet, "close," aunt Penelope said, when it pleased her—she, Letitia, kept her own counsel.]

The two aunts were frequent visitors, not dwellers, at Glenrig, having each her respective domicile on a different outskirt of the two miles' distant village of Cushlake. Aunt MacAlister was a MacArthur, who had made a not very brilliant marriage, and who, having been left a widow, had returned, as it were, to the parent stem, and always prominently asserting herself as Randal MacArthur's sister thought she ought to hold her head very high, and did so accordingly. Now aunt Penelope was only the wife of a dead brother, and her family being, in aunt MacAlister's opinion, "very low," that good-natured sister-in-law thought she should, on her husband's decease, have modestly retired into her native obscurity. But in addition to the enormity of her declining to do this, she had succeeded in "worming herself" into the good graces of everybody at Glenrig, and this was a mortal offence to aunt MacAlister, whom nobody liked. And so "aunt Pen" and "aunt Mac" were always, at daggers-points, something as may be a snarling terrier, ready to snap at every one's heels, and a purring cat who will lie cosily by the fire as long as she is left at peace, but will show the tiger when provoked.

It happened one evening, early in spring, that a small event occurred which, for a time, quickened mightily the blood in the drowsy Glenrig veins, and which, as it afterwards proved, was looked back upon as an epoch in the lives of all concerned. It was twilight, and Glenrig glared

with all its red windows into the outer grayness, where the valley at its feet had assumed a mysterious depth, and the ranks of opposite mountains had retreated, in ghostly fashion, into the clouds. The great brown trees, their first awkward effort at greenness extinguished by the dusk, stood like bearded giants resting on their clubs, for a short truce had been concluded with the gales. Inside uncle Randal and aunt Janette were dozing, or musing, which you please, in their respective arm-chairs at either side of the hearth, and the firelight flushed over them, filling the cosy old-fashioned room with a deep crimson light. A light step came in, and Letitia crossed the floor hastily, crying, "Aunt Janette, here are the letters—the letters at last. One, two, three; and there's one from Archie. I'll light the lamp!"

The lamp was lit in a twinkling, and as Letitia stood in the sudden light we could not have a better opportunity for describing her. It was a slight, small figure, clothed in a housewifely gray dress, and black silk apron. She looked like one accustomed to carry the keys, but to carry them jauntily, making them as piquante an accessory to her own picturesque as any piece of *bijouterie* that ever fine lady hung on her finger or slung to her girdle. Letitia was not a beauty, but she could look pretty at times, and any woman who can do so should be content. It was a round face with intelligent eyes, rather amber than brown; a nose, short, and not ungraceful; a wide mouth with the merit of red lips and pure teeth; and a low broad forehead. Her hair, which was simply sombre, without either purple lights or ebon gloss, was folded smoothly from her brow, and hung in a heavy cloud about her throat. She did look pretty now, with a sudden jewel burning in each eye, and a throb of excitement reddening her cheek.

She sat down to read Archie's letter to his father and mother. She began heartily—"My dear mother——" She glanced down the page, and repeated mechanically, "My dear mother."

"Well, Letitia?"

"My eyes are dim, somehow," said Letitia. "I have got a headache. Just let me run up for Mary or Rachel. They will read it better."

And not waiting to be gainsayed, she sprang up and vanished.

"Rachel," she said, putting her head in at the door of a room upstairs where a young lady was arranging her hair at the glass, "there is a letter from Archie, and your mother wants you to read it for her. My head aches so badly, I cannot look at the paper."

Strange to say, the light on Rachel's table glared at Letitia like a bloodthirsty enemy, and Rachel herself, soft, quiet Rachel, looked a gorgon. Blissfully unconscious of this fact, however, that young lady made a moderate exclamation of pleasure at hearing of her brother's letter, and telling Letitia to bathe her head, went downstairs. And Rachel read the letter. It ran like this:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I fear my father and you will be displeased at first when I tell you that I have been married for some time, but when you know my Ethelind you

must forgive me. Knowing this, I have induced her to go on before me, on a visit to Glenrig. I have assured her of the affectionate welcome she will have. I need not ask you, dearest mother, to treat her tenderly for my sake. I hope Mary, Rachel, and Letitia will be sisters to her. I will join her at Glenrig in a few weeks hence.
—Your affectionate son,

ARCHIBALD MACARTHUR.

Rachel let fall the paper, and blank amazement dropped down upon the listeners. Then sobbing and murmuring arose in a chorus of meek rebellion against fate and Archie, till Letitia presently brought her bright face back to the room, and laughing merrily at the "comical news" struck the key-note for a new strain, and set the weepers all chanting the praises of the dear offender, with only a low running accompaniment of regrets and fears, and gentle deprecations.

Some days passed, and it was the evening of the bride's expected arrival. The shock at Archie's strange conduct had in some measure subsided, and it had been resolved to give the visitor a true glens welcome. So the old house had been burnished up to its best looks, and early in the evening a goodly company of friends, all cousins to the nineteenth degree, had assembled in Mrs. MacArthur's drawing-room. The curtains were drawn across the shuttered windows, the fire blazed up the chimney, and the round table at the side of the room was absolutely groaning under delectable preparations for a plentiful tea. The room was filled with good-humoured, good-looking people, laughing and talking in the broad northern accent, which has so ludicrously little of the mincing about it, and so much of rough honest kindness.

Old Randal MacArthur sat in his arm-chair as usual, a spare little man, with a thin rosy face, and a quick and kindly eye. He wore a black velvet cap on his almost bald head, and sat in the familiar attitude which betrayed his deafness, holding his hand behind his ear while he leaned upon the arm of his chair towards the company, looking from one face to the other as if he would guess by their expression, if he could not hear, all that was going forward.

His wife was in her customary place near to his side, with her small grave cap and small grave gown, and her thin timid face, looking like a rather stately little old maid in half-mourning. She also sat with her feet on a stool, and she wore her dress short, and large bright buckles on her shoes. Also on her shoulders a black velvet shawl, rich with fringe and embroidery, said to have cost a fabulous sum of money once upon a time : how long ago we cannot say, but aunt Penelope was wont to declare that sister Janette could not wear out her clothes like other folks, do as she would.

A small crowd of broad-shouldered, brown-faced cousin Edmunds, cousin Randals, cousin Pats, and cousin Archies straggled about a table where a group of young women sat at work. "Young women" aunt MacAlister resolutely dubbed them, and young women they were obliged to submit to be. Bead-work had not at the time we speak of quite superseded shirt-making and garter-knitting in retired nooks of the world like

Glenrig; and of this laughing bevy, all busy with fingers and tongues, one was stitching a shirt-collar, another hemming damask napkins, whilst a third was netting—horrible to relate—a nightcap for her father. In this group were Mary and Rachel, the daughters of the house, with their low voices and few words. They were too quiet. Aunt Penelope once exclaimed in despair, "Sister Janette, can you do nothing to waken up these girls of yours? They're just no better than white mice!"

Aunt MacAlister betrayed her kill-joy propensities by her sharp eyes, long pinched nose, and puckered-up mouth. She was dressed in a black satin gown, very stiff, wore black silk mittens on her hands, and a severe Quaker-looking cap on her head. She was not perhaps, in the main, a bad-natured woman; but she always acted as though she lived in mortal dread lest any one should suspect that she possessed one drop of the milk of human kindness in her nature. She was particularly hard upon the "young women" now around her, calling their talk "clattering," and their ribbons and muslins "fudgey-magiggery." She had also a stab at the broad-shouldered cousins, whom she did not scruple to describe as "louts," telling of the elegant manners of the gentlemen whom she was accustomed to meet in Dublin, in her youth.

Aunt Penelope was an ample, plain-featured person, with no particular physical advantage beyond the beaming effulgence that could flood from her nondescript eyes, and irradiate her broad buff-coloured face. And we do not think aunt Mac need have called her vulgar because she preferred a brown and gold-colour brocaded gown to one of a more severely neutral description of tint; or, having been a widow for twenty years, because she liked a comfortable cap with a bit of colour about it. Be that as it may, aunt Pen was the favourite, the confidante, the coaxed and familiar of the whole clan. She knew all the secrets of the young men, and all the secrets of the young women, all but one. She was wont to declare to herself that she never could make anything of Letitia. Her eyes were now following that young damsel, as, dressed in black silk and a coral necklace, she flitted in and out and about the room, looking after the setting forth of cakes and preserves, and seeming to make a hundred excuses to keep moving about, as if she could not rest quiet a moment.

The rolling of a carriage was presently heard, and a crunching of wheels on the gravel. A sudden silence fell on the room. The cousins stopped laughing, Mary and Rachel glanced at one another, and looked more like white mice than ever; uncle Randal sank back in his chair; aunt Janette rose and stood nervously dragging the fringe of her shawl; aunt Mac bounced up and looked around as if to say, "Now we shall see what kind of person Mrs. Archie is?" Whereupon aunt Pen slipped into her chair, taking old Randal's hand kindly, and still watching Letitia. That young person, at the moment employed in cutting thin bread and butter, laid down her knife, and walking over to where Mrs. MacArthur stood irresolute on the hearth-rug, slipped the old lady's arm through her own and drew her on, saying, "Come, aunt Janette, you must meet her at

the door, you know!" "Forward minx!" hissed aunt Mac, sotto voce. "Bravo, Letitia!" murmured aunt Pen under her breath.

In another minute the stranger stood under the hall lamp, and was embraced by aunt Janette. It was not noticed that when Letitia's turn came she retreated into the shadows, and pushed Mary forward to be kissed. Nor was it seen that when the visitor was conducted to her room, Letitia remained below on the mat, twisting her small fingers together, as if she would break them in pieces.

In due time Mrs. Archie made her appearance in the drawing-room, taking away every one's breath by her brilliance. She was dressed in bright blue silk, all flounces and trimmings, and wore delicate lace and glittering ornaments. She was slight, and tall, and carried her finery with a charming grace. She had that kind of fair-haired, fair-eyed good looks, which becoming dress and vivacity of character may burnish into fascinating beauty. If dressed in dull hues, and shorn of her little airs and graces, she would have been too pale and pink about the eyes, while her hair would have displayed that lack-lustre tint which can only be warmed to gold by delicate surroundings of colour. So at least thought aunt Penelope, as, quite forgetting politeness, she sat watching her with unflinching persistence, seeming to have quite overlooked Letitia in her new interest in the bride.

"Won't you come to the fire, Mrs. Archie?" "Mrs. Archie, won't you sit to the table for your tea?" "Mrs. Archie, dear, you're fairly done out!" "'Deed, Mrs. Archie, you're ready to drop this minute for want of something to eat. Oh! you needn't tell me. I know the hungry road you've travelled better than you do. You ought to be gay and keen for your tea!"

Such speeches as these assailed the new-comer on all sides; but after she had spoken once or twice, and shaken out her flounces as many times, the majority of the clan got rather more shy, and did not press their kindnesses on her so strongly: she was very condescending, very gracious, very lavish with her smiles and her pretty gestures; but somehow the plain glensfolk, with their quaint downright talk and their homely ways, felt ill at ease with her, feeling vaguely that she was rather too fine a lady for Archie to have sent home to Glenrig. Old Randal presently lay back, extinguished, in his chair. Aunt Janette by-and-by also retreated into retirement. Of the cousins, the male portion attended on her wants rather clumsily, and the female portion scrutinized her dress and the style of her hair.

Aunt Mac, who considered from the first that Mrs. Archie had "an air about her," made friends with her at once; perhaps because the bride evidently did not much affect aunt Penelope. And so she sat all evening by her side, and in return for Mrs. Archie's gracious information about "high circles" in London, aunt Mac entertained her with an account of the "elegant people" whom she used to meet "in Dublin, in her youth." And still aunt Penelope watched the bride, scrutinizing

untiringly face, hands, figure, manner, and closing her eyes sometimes to listen more keenly to the tones of the stranger's voice.

"Sister Janette," said aunt Penelope, when the cousins were going away, "if you have a spare bed I'll stay. I have a mind not to go home to-night."

This was only aunt Penelope's way of putting it, for she knew there were plenty of spare beds at Glenrig; and she stayed.

At twelve o'clock that night Letitia was sitting at the fire in her own room, when aunt Penelope came in, shut the door, and stood beside her on the hearth. Now on this night of all others Letitia did not want even aunt Penelope in her room. Nevertheless, there she was.

"How do you like her?" aunt Pen began, poking up the fire briskly.

"Oh! well enough, I suppose!" replied Letitia. "She's a very grand lady indeed."

"Isn't she a beauty now? Did you ever see as pretty a creature?"

"She's good-looking enough!" said Letitia dryly, "but I can't say I admire her much."

Aunt Penelope looked at her with twinkling eyes. "What makes you so cross to-night, Letitia?"

"Cross! I cross? I'm not cross, aunt Penelope!"

"Well, you're something very like it. However, I'm not going to torment you, you close little thing! I suppose if I said you 'poor' little thing you'd tear my eyes out. There, sit still! Letitia, do you remember Bessie Anderson?"

"Bessie! Bessie, who used to play with me long ago?"

"Yes, that very Bessie. Do you remember her?"

"Of course I do."

"How old were you when she went away?"

"About nine, I think."

"And she was three years older. That is ten years ago. Do you recollect why she was sent away from this?"

"Not very well. For some bad conduct, I think."

"It was for forging a letter," said aunt Penelope—"a letter from her schoolmaster to aunt Janette, asking for the loan of some money, which she, Miss Bessie, having got to bring to him, expended on sweetmeats. Tell me now, Letitia, what was she like, as you remember her?"

"Why, of course, I don't recollect her very distinctly, but I know she was a pale girl with fair hair. But, dear me! aunt Penelope, you must remember all about her yourself a great deal better than I can. What has put her in your head to-night?"

"Hold your tongue, my dear, and never mind, but go to bed and rest your poor little worried brains. Your wits aren't so bright these days, Letitia, as they used to be: but you can't help that, poor lamb. There, good night!"

And giving her a hearty kiss, aunt Pen walked off to her own chamber. There she doffed her glowing cap and put on her night-cap;

but having got thus far in her preparations for her couch, she rolled herself up in a great shawl, and taking her candle in hand, went straight downstairs again to the dining-room, not the drawing-room. This dining-room was situated at the extreme end of the hall, and attained by a low flight of steps and a landing. It was a long room, with high wainscots and red hangings. Here she coolly lit the lamp, and ensconcing herself in an arm-chair at the table, deliberately began to read. The fire had gone out, but aunt Penelope had provided herself with a shawl.

She sat for about an hour or more, now and again looking at her watch, and glancing towards the door. After two o'clock had struck, and she had begun to shift about uneasily in her chair, the door softly opened, and Mrs. Archie appeared with a candle in her hand. She was in a white dressing-gown, with her hair twisted up for the night, and her looks at this moment justified aunt Penelope's preconceived opinion, that shorn of the becoming blue of her dress, the glitter of her ornaments, and the sparkle of her gaiety, the fair "Ethelind" would be a "common-enough" looking person!

"Goodness gracious, Mrs. Archie!" exclaimed aunt Penelope, putting down her book; "what has scared ye? I thought you'd have been sound asleep two hours ago, after your journey!"

Mrs. Archie was profuse in her explanations. She had been looking for the drawing-room, having left her reticule there. She had such a terrific headache, she could not sleep. Her smelling-salts, which always relieved her, were in the reticule. She begged pardon of aunt Penelope, whose delightful studies, no doubt, rewarded her for a loss of sleep, &c. &c.

Mrs. Archie hastily withdrew. Then aunt Pen pushed away her book, gathered her shawl round her, and got up with her candle. But before she left the room she walked round the walls, passing her hand over the wainscot at intervals, and sometimes peering into the cracks and lines with the candle close to the wood. After this inspection she shook her head warily, smiled to herself, and went off to her room.

Next morning, to the dismay of many present, aunt Mac made her appearance at the breakfast-table. On the night before she had just been mounting the steps of her "inside car" ("aunt Mac's shanderadan," some sly cousin had been known to call it), when the echo of aunt Pen's announcement to stay the night reached her preternaturally sharp ears. She had at once descended, and, re-entering the house, had informed aunt Janette that the air was so keen she feared a return of toothache, from which she had suffered so much ten years ago. She would, therefore, inhabit a second of the Glenrig spare bed-rooms for the night.

"It was a clever stroke of Mrs. Pen!" soliloquized she, as she betook herself to her chamber. "A clever stroke, but she forgets that she has Sabina MacAlister to deal with." It was a good idea to try and get the start of me in that way, but I'll let her see that I mean to keep my ground

with Mrs. Archie, who is a very superior person, and, I am sure, despises her wheedling ways!" Whilst kept waking by the energy of these valiant resolves, aunt Mac had heard a step in the passage, and peeping from her door had been just in time to see the top of aunt Penelope's nightcap disappearing down the stairs. This little circumstance had added a tinge of mystery to aunt Pen's audacious conduct; and at the end of the two hours which had elapsed before her step ascended the stair again, aunt Mac had been in a perfect frenzy of curiosity.

However, in the morning there was aunt Penelope punctual at the early breakfast-table, as fresh and as pleasant as a very large and fully blown cabbage rose, and quite unimpressed by aunt Mac's extra austere glances, and the extra acid tones of aunt Mac's voice. The day proved wet, and in the drawing-room uncle Randal had his paper, whilst aunt Janette studied a book called *Christian Perfection* in the opposite arm-chair. Mary and Rachel sat at their work-table, and each uttered half-a-dozen phrases between breakfast and dinner. Mrs. Archie, after delighting aunt Mac for an hour with her elegant conversation, had produced a novel, and ensconced herself comfortably in a sofa, with her becoming drapery swelling in silken billows around her. Letitia had found so much to do elsewhere that she could not contrive to make herself visible in the drawing-room for more than five minutes at a time. And so the two aunts sat opposite to one another, each engaged in knitting, aunt Mac with thin needles of cold blue steel, and aunt Pen with large comfortable wooden ones, with sealing-wax heads, which she bestowed away under her arms, while she plied her work with many a click and clack.

During the course of the day Mrs. Archie chanced to lay down her novel and go out of the room. A few minutes afterwards aunt Penelope wound up her ball, and fastened it into its little basket, with the hole for the cotton to run through, stuck her needles into her work, and also left the room.

"I was thinking, Mrs. Archie," she said, entering the dining-room, "that you'd be, maybe, writing a line to your good man; and as I've a letter to send to the post myself, the same messenger could take yours and mine to Cushlake together."

Mrs. Archie, who was deeply engaged in studying the pictures on the wall, said, "Oh, thank you; I will write it at once!" and tripped off to her own room.

"Rather queer," mused aunt Pen as she marched round by the wainscot again, like a general reviewing the strength of his batteries. "Rather queer for a young bride to need to be reminded of writing to her husband by an old wife like me!"

"I have left it on the hall-table," said Mrs. Archie, fluttering into the drawing-room.

And aunt Pen went off to deposit her own letter beside the bride's. She lifted up Mrs. Archie's dainty little note, and surveyed it back and front, and read the direction over at least twenty times—

"Archibald MacArthur," it ran, "19, Butterfly Terrace, Brompton, London, S.W."

Well, Mrs. Penelope, and what is there so strange about that? Is it not your nephew's correct address, the address of his lodging where he exists during the intervals between his periods of living interment in the Temple? Oh, yes, Mrs. Penelope says, but that is precisely what puzzles me! Then she takes a letter from her pocket—Archie's letter to his mother—and spreads it out upon the table, and peers into the writing, and then again into that on the envelope addressed by the fair Ethelind. Never was there a prettier contrast. One, bold, clear, a little rugged, with here and there a mischievous curve curling up like a laugh; very suggestive of Archie. The other, fine, weak, slanting, pretty—just the handwriting for a dainty, fair-complexioned bride, who reads novels, and wears blue silk and laces. The result of aunt Pen's inspection is a twinkle of the eyes, and she goes back to her knitting.

"Now what is she plotting and planning?" ejaculated aunt MacAlister that night, when she found herself in her own room. "She keeps coming and going, and smiling to herself, and her eyes keep twinkling while she rattles those great coarse vulgar needles of hers! And she keeps watching that sweet, elegant creature, just as a cat does a mouse. And no one sees it—oh, dear, no! Randal might be blind as well as deaf, and as for Janette, she's as ignorant as a baby of everything but the Lives of the Saints and Randal's ailments.

Soliloquizing thus at a late hour, aunt Mac, who had purposely left her door ajar, heard aunt Pen's soft step going past again, as on the night before. She at once got up, and shaking with hurry and overflowing with curiosity, dressed and went downstairs. After trying several dark rooms, she at last made her way to the dining-room, where she was so astounded at seeing aunt Penelope and Mrs. Archie together, that she sank into a chair with a little spasmodic shriek. Whereupon aunt Penelope turned from the table where she was standing, closed the door softly, and said pleasantly—

"Keep quiet, if you please, aunt Mac. Mrs. Archie and I are just looking for a reticule of hers that she's apt to mislay of nights. But there's no need to wake up the house about it. I think, Mrs. Archie, we'll give it up for to-night."

The bride was standing near the wainscot with her candle on a chair beside her. She looked pale and cross as she took her light and prepared to go.

"Mistress Penelope!" burst forth aunt Mac, "I don't pretend to know why you think proper to walk about the house at nights scaring quiet people in their beds. Of course it's nothing to me—I'm nobody—but I wonder you're not ashamed to rout up a young creature like that—a guest in the house—a—a—" Here aunt Mac choked with anger for a moment. "Mrs. Archie," she went on, very politely, "will you do me the favour of leaning on my arm, and allowing me to conduct you to your

chamber? As I'm a MacArthur myself, I may speak for my brother in my brother's house. I am distressed that your slumbers should have been so intruded upon."

This was no doubt the style of diction indulged in by aunt Mac, "in Dublin in her youth." Mrs. Archie graciously and timidly accepted her protection, and aunt Pen was left smiling at her candle in the dining-room alone.

"I do positively think," said aunt Mac, as she prepared a second time for rest, "I do believe that foolish, superstitious woman has begun again to her old nonsense about that treasure. Treasure, indeed! As if wiser than she is would not have found it long ago if it had been there! As if the MacArthurs themselves did not know their own affairs best! Oh, that's what she's plotting and planning about! And I'll stake my head that she's trying to coax or worry that nice Mrs. Archie into her clutches. She wants her help in some way or other. Perhaps to use her influence with Archie to get the house pulled down. What else could have brought her below these two nights and Mrs. Archie with her? But trust a real MacArthur for finding out her plots! Oh, I'll stake my head upon it!"

What, aunt Mac! with the rigid cap, and the MacArthur nose, and the fine plaited front and all? Take care, aunt Mac. And yet she would have been willing to stake her hands in addition, if she could have seen aunt Penelope at that moment, as she stood smiling over a sharp instrument with a handle, which she had found among the chairs near where Mrs. Archie had stood, close by the wainscot.

II.

ANOTHER day arrived, and neither of the aunts made any sign of returning to her town residence at Cushlake; aunt Pen stayed and aunt Mac stayed.

"Oh! I certainly expect a letter to-day," warbled Mrs. Archie, in answer to a query put by some one at the breakfast-table.

Aunt Pen was not much in the drawing-room that morning, and it chanced that she got the letter-bag first, and carried it with her to her own room. Arrived there, we are afraid the reader will be shocked to learn her next proceeding. Having found a letter addressed in her nephew's writing to "Mrs. Archibald MacArthur, Glenrig, Cushlake, co. Antrim," she held it over a dish of hot water, and opened it easily. She then took out the enclosure and read it. Having done so, a smile overspread aunt Penelope's round face—a smile so broad, that some people, seeing it, would have concluded that a crown, or a fortune at least, had been laid at her feet. Having finished reading, she coolly locked up the letter in a box, and folding a sheet of blank paper placed it in the envelope. Then she sat down and wrote a letter, addressed to the Temple, London, which she carried away and sent off to Cushlake to the post; and after completing all these arrangements, she introduced the letter-bag to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Archie retired to her own room to read her letter. On her

return, aunt Penelope hoped her nephew Archie was very well. "Oh, yes!" Ethelind assured her, as she nestled among her flounces again with her novel. "Oh, yes, very well, very well indeed!"

"Archie is beginning to write a great deal better than he did," remarked Rachel, taking up the envelope which Mrs. Archie had left ostentatiously upon the table. "This is not so hurried as he used to write; it is very nice and fine." The bride's cheeks grew a shade pinker, and aunt Penelope smiled, but no one answered Rachel's observation.

Three nights passed, during which Mrs. Archie never once had occasion to come down searching for her reticule after twelve o'clock, and the two aunts were suffered to skirmish about the house in their nightcaps, and come in collision with their candles in dark rooms to their hearts' content. But on the fourth night, when aunt Pen was in the act of screwing up her curl-papers, she heard a 'click' at her door, and discovered that she was locked into her room. Finding this, she sat down upon the nearest chair and indulged in a hearty fit of laughter. "Well done!" she ejaculated, wiping her eyes, "very well done indeed! You're a cleverer woman, my dear Mrs. Archie, than even I gave you credit for!"

Aunt MacAlister, who also found her door locked, was not so amiable over the discovery, but fumed about her room in a fury at the impudence, the audacity, the cunning of that low-bred woman. But she would be even with her, she vowed she would. She would bide her time and outwit her in the end. She would have a second key to fit her door, and the next night would walk down to her in the midst of her secret doings. And when at last aunt Mac consoled herself with her pillow she dreamed of aunt Penelope dressed as an Italian peasant, and covered with jewels, riding off from Glenrig attended by a company of brigands, each of whom carried a coffer of gold before him on his saddle. And it would be using much too weak an expression to say that aunt Mac looked daggers at aunt Pen at the breakfast-table next morning. Spears and javelins convey but a faint idea of the cutting intensity of glance with which she favoured her.

That day, in passing down the hall, aunt Penelope observed a second of those pretty missives addressed to Butterfly Terrace, Brompton, lying conspicuously on the hall table. And now shudder again, virtuous reader, for this wicked aunt Pen took the note and put it in her pocket. Afterwards she read it in her own room, and it never left Glenrig. On returning to the drawing-room after this exploit she found that Mrs. Archie had had another letter from her husband, in which he stated that he found it impossible to go to Glenrig for a considerable time, and wished her to return at once to London. They could pay a good visit together during the long vacation; he must defer it till then; and Mrs. Archie, like a leal and loving wife, was most anxious to depart without delay, although with overwhelming regret, and gratitude for her delightful, if short, sojourn in the home of her dear husband. Aunt Pen, entering the room, sat down quietly anchored in the midst of the little storm of mild dismay and persuasion which had arisen after Mrs. Archie's announcement of her lord's

behest, and her own resolve. Aunt MacAlister was strong in deprecation, condemning her nephew loudly; and uncle Randal and aunt Janette, though they loved not their fine daughter-in-law, tried for the sake of their worshipped son, to make believe to their own kindly hearts that they were sorry to lose her. Mary and Rachel said nothing, but then that was their more usual mode of expressing their feelings.

"Well, well, Penelope," said mild little Mrs. Janette, "it's very lucky, as she is resolved to go, that we have asked our friends to come to-night. We'll give her one glens dance before she goes."

To this aunt Penelope nodded and smiled acquiescence over her knitting. And Mrs. Archie writhed uneasily on her sofa, and watched aunt Pen intently out of her pale blue-green eyes from behind her novel. And still aunt Pen sat in the window counting her stitches, with her eyes puckered up in the sun, and her cheeks broad with content and good humour. And after that Mrs. Archie did not appear much in the drawing-room that day, being occupied upstairs in packing her trunks, and preparing her dress for the evening.

For there was to be a party at Glenrig that night. Not the kind of country ball where the dancing commences at eleven, and a professional musician comes down by train from the nearest important town to play the polkas and mazurkas; but a species of old-fashioned country party, where the matrons come in their good well-kept silks and satins of decent make, and wear caps which they bring tenderly pinned up in their lace pocket-handkerchiefs; where a young lady may consider herself full-dressed in a high white muslin with a rose in her hair, and her partner for the first dance hands her the seed-cake from the round table, where tea is being made for the company; and where the old ladies regale themselves over their gossip in the corner with hot sally-lun, and send back their cups for a little more sugar.

Evening arrived, and the drawing-room was filled early with a right merry company. The girls tied their sandals and smoothed out their sashes up in aunt Janette's room, and then came down in groups to the drawing-room, and the old ladies nodded their heads together for a few minutes after they had pinned on their caps, and then followed them. And the young men placed chairs for the young ladies, and hoped they had enjoyed their drive, and had not caught cold; hoped that Miss Annie's parcel came all right by the postman, and that cousin Kate found the ribbon chosen in town the other day of the right shade. And Mary and Rachel looked very nice with their white shoulders peeping out of their lilac silks, and Letitia made tea as usual in her white muslin and favourite coral necklace. Her face was fairer and her hair cloudier than they used to appear, and her wide-awake amber eyes seemed to have got darker settings than they had a month ago. But some one speaks, and the colour runs red over her cheek, and she laughs a gay laugh. The child who runs to put salt on a bird's tail is as wise as the person who ever expected to find Letitia sentimentalizing. And Mrs. Archie

comes in, in a cloud of blue crape spangled with silver, and with pearls twisted in her fair ringlets, and the country girls in their simple attire gaze at her in a maze of admiration as she floats into a chair and consents to be helped to a cup of tea.

And now the fun begins and is carried on with great spirit, Letitia dancing more blithely than anybody, only detected once by aunt Pen in a tired far-away look of the eyes. But who deserved blame for that? Aunt Penelope need not be always watching somebody! And indeed aunt Pen herself did not escape without criticism that night, for aunt Mac never forgave her for the country dance in which she had the bad taste to join. A woman come to her time of life. Faugh! it was too ridiculous!

The evening sped and the supper came, carried in on trays, and handed about like the tea. And after Mrs. Archie had eaten her supper, she changed her seat, once, twice, thrice, getting nearer the door each time, on account of the heat, and at last slipped out of the room whilst aunt Pen was discussing the wing of a chicken and lending a sympathizing ear to the tale of domestic woes poured therein by a neighbour whose servant had had the unheard-of audacity to get married. "And there she walked out on Sunday morning as brazen as you please, and came home with a ring on her finger!" Aunt Pen waited till her wing, and her duties of consoler, were finished, and then, sending away her plate, shook a crumb from the brown and gold-colour brocade, and left the drawing-room.

The hall was alight, but the dining-room at its extreme end had been left in forgotten darkness. Thither aunt Pen turned her steps, taking no light. On entering softly, she perceived a square vista of brightness, whose rays streamed from the most distant wainscot. She crept very noiselessly round the dark walls to the spot, and caught a glimpse of the fair Ethelind down on her knees before something like a trunk, in what seemed a small closet or passage, running behind the wainscot. She was hurrying madly over the contents of the chest, or whatever receptacle it might be, and aunt Pen could hear her enraged panting whispers, as she tossed about the mouldy contents, evidently finding only disappointment in her search.

"Nothing, after all!" she groaned; "nothing but an old cake-basket, two salt-cellsars, and a trumpery old yellow satin gown!"

Aunt Penelope, shaking with laughter, stretched out her hand, and slid the panel into its place, closing the aperture from without.

And away went this cruel aunt Pen, closing the dining-room door as she came out. "Nicely caged at last," she said; "and now, if Archie does not fail me, he'll be here in a few minutes!"

What with the dancing and talking, no one in the drawing-room heard the arrival of a conveyance at the door; and when "Mr. Archie, God bless his handsome face!" invaded the hall, with his rugs and scarfs and portmanteau, Bridget forgot all propriety, clapped her hands, and was

rushing off to the drawing-room with the news. But Archie said, "Don't interrupt the dancing, Bridget. I'm glad to see that nothing is wrong. I'll go up and get rid of these things, and then surprise them. Get me a light."

And so, to aunt Pen's infinite satisfaction, and the bewilderment of every one else, the door opened in the middle of a dance, and lawyer Archie walked in. Rather a cheer than a murmur of welcome filled the room, and aunt Janette forgot herself so far as to fall into her son's arms in presence of her guests.

"Upon my word, this is very pleasant," said Archie, after the greetings were over and he had sat down by his father's chair and surveyed the company, rather restlessly, as if searching for some face not yet visible. "Very pleasant to see so many friends all together on one's arrival home."

"But you don't ask for your wife, nephew Archie," said aunt Pen, slyly.

"For whom?" asked Archie, turning a blank face upon her.

"Your wife."

"Oh, come, aunt Pen, you're as bad as ever I see! Well, we'll have it out by-and-by."

"I am quite in earnest, nephew Archie. I say, why don't you ask for your wife?"

"Yes, certainly, your wife," said old Randal.

"Oh, yes, Archie dear, your wife, you know!" said aunt Janette, looking nervously in her son's face. Archie's puzzled eyes scanned the groups of inquiring faces around him. He began to think he was the victim of some joke in which all present were leagued against him. Aunt Pen came to the rescue.

"Look here, now," she said; "Archie, did you write that letter?"

Letitia all this time had been standing invisible behind a curtain, drumming with her fingers on the window-shutter. She stopped drumming.

Archie took the letter which aunt Pen gave him, and looked it over. Then he laughed, once, twice, and again, and again, so gaily, with such a genuine ring, that every one joined perforce. "No, I'll swear I never did!" he said, as soon as he could find his voice.

"But is it not your writing?"

"Faith, it's uncommonly like it. At least it's very like what I might write if I were on my good behaviour."

"Well, then," said aunt Pen, who seemed to have taken upon her the duty of spokeswoman for the family, "our reasons for believing you to have a wife are, firstly, that precious epistle in your hand; secondly, the arrival of the lady; and, thirdly, your regular letters to her since she came, and hers to you."

Archie extended his left hand. "Will any of you gentlemen be kind enough to give me a pinch?"

"Of snuff?" asked a stout little gentleman, producing his box. No, Archie said, laughing, but a pinch on his flesh, to assure him that he was awake. After some one had performed that kind office for him, Archie

proceeded to make a speech, which, being quite in his way, it is to be supposed he found no difficulty in doing.

"I beg to state," he said, "to this good company, that I am not married, nor did I ever make the acquaintance of any lady rejoicing in the romantic name of 'Ethelind.' I now understand why aunt Penelope wrote off to me to come home in such a hurry that I concluded you must be all dead, or the house have fallen at least; and also, I suppose, why she was so urgent to know all particulars of my habit as to the posting of my letters home; and also as much as possible about the servants at my lodging in Brompton. If it will throw any light on this affair, I will state that it has been my custom to write my letters for Glenrig during the evening at Brompton, and to leave them on the table for the servant; for whose sake I had been led to understand an obliging milkman took them away and posted them early in the morning. Of the servants I can tell very little. The maid who attended upon me until about a month ago was a rather nice-looking, fair-haired girl; but I did not like her much, as I suspected her more than once of meddling with my loose papers. She left, and another came in her place, a quiet-looking young woman, of whom I had never any reason to complain. It was rather strange, however, that when I told her, the night before last, that I should start for Ireland in the morning, and must be wakened early, she dropped my slippers in a panic and ran out of the room. And the next morning, as I was leaving, my landlady was in great trouble, as it seemed Sarah had left the house suddenly, and not returned."

"The best thing she could do, I think!" said aunt Pen. And then she, on her side, proceeded to make a speech, in which she triumphantly informed the company, with many a laughing pause, and many an energetic nod of her brilliant cap, of how she had, from the first, recognized in the would-be Mrs. Archie her former protégée, Bessie Anderson, the grandchild of old Nannie, who knew the secret hiding-place of the supposed treasure; and how, recollecting the grandmother's boast, and Bessie's cleverness and covetous disposition, she had found no difficulty in arriving at the motive of the hoax; also that on calling to mind the fact that Bessie had been sent from Glenrig in disgrace ten years ago for cleverly forging a letter, she had hardly been surprised at the successful deception she had been enabled to attempt. Then she recounted her nightly adventures with the fair "Ethelind," and lastly proceeded to read aloud two letters. This was the first:—

DEAR BESSIE,—All is well here. A. M. is going on as usual. I received your letter, and I burned it as agreed. I got a letter to post from A. M. to his mother, and burned it also, as agreed. I hope all is going well. Don't forget to send me the envelopes. Old S—— is getting cross about her money.—Your faithful friend,

SARAH GREEN.

A chorus of exclamations hailed this letter. Aunt Mac was by this time growing very white and blue in the face. Archie was in agonies of

laughter; uncle Randal was listening with all his might; aunt Janette was in a hopeless maze of bewilderment; Mary and Rachel were trying to understand; Letitia was still invisible. Aunt Pen proceeded with the next letter.

DEAR SARAH,—Why did you send me a sheet of blank paper? You know I am *so anxious* for news. *Write quickly* and tell me what is going on. The two old aunts are still here and very troublesome. I did not count on having *them* to deal with. One of them goes spying about the house at night, and I know she suspects me. The other one watches *her* as well as *she* watches *me*. I have *found* the *place*, however, and will search it whenever I can. I locked up the two old aunts the other night, and had the field to myself. One of the panels in the end wall of the dining-room *slides back*, as granny said. I must try and get out of this as soon as I can. I can't tell yet what I shall have with me. I enclose the envelopes. Use the most *carelessly written* one first. Be sure you *watch well*, and don't forget to *burn this*.

BESSIE ANDERSON.

"I, being the suspicious old aunt," said aunt Pen, folding the paper with mock solemnity, "stole these letters, and inside the last I found these envelopes, enclosed all ready for the purpose of covering the epistles received by Miss Bessie from her disinterested friend, Miss Green. This evening I gave her a hint of my nephew's expected arrival here before to-morrow night, and I think it has hastened her movements a little. And now, I believe, we have nearly got to the bottom of it."

Here aunt Mac, having probably got a return of that toothache from which she had suffered so much ten years ago, got up and left the room. And after the shrieks of laughter, which had rung through the drawing-room, had somewhat subsided, aunt Pen went off to free the fair "Ethelind" from her captivity. But lo! the bird had flown! On discovering which fact, aunt Pen looked neither surprised nor displeased. The blue crape dress and many other articles (value for old S—'s money, possibly) were afterwards found in her room, but "Mrs. Archie" was never seen again by any of the inhabitants of Glenrig. A merry country-dance concluded the evening, Letitia and Archie leading off; and aunt Mac having departed in her "shanderadan," aunt Penelope ventured to join. We have only now to add that on the next day, Letitia, creeping into the wonderful closet to see what manner of place it might be, laughingly dragged forth the old yellow satin gown. It was very heavy and thick, and being ripped up, proved to be filled, between the lining and the satin, with a quantity of old-fashioned jewels of valuable description, and goodly guineas to a large amount.

A slab in Cushlake church covers good old uncle Randal—"Also Janette his wife." The two aunts, their "warfare o'er," sleep soundly hard by. Mary and Rachel have grown-up sons and daughters. And Letitia and Archie, when they come to Glenrig for the summer, tell their children the merry story of that clever Bessie who gave them so merry a laugh, and found for them the wonderful hidden closet.

Primitive Language.

THE claims of different communities to speak the primeval language—the language of Adam and Eve in Paradise—give amusing evidence of pride and ignorance. Among the nations who recognize the authority of the Bible (though the book says nothing on the subject), Hebrew is generally believed to have the highest pretensions to antiquity; but many of the Welsh and the Biscayan writers have been persistent in asserting for the Cambrian and the Euscara the honour of being the *fons et origo* of all other tongues. The latest claim has been put forward for the Hawaiian, or the language of the Sandwich Islands, as being that from which the venerable Sanscrit and all its descendants are derived.*

The Hawaiian has the attraction of presenting the very simplest elements as regards sounds; the smallest number of consonants possessed by any known tongue, namely, seven; its vowels, the ordinary five, pronounced with only the modification of a longer or shorter utterance, the vowel sounds greatly preponderating; there is no combination of consonants whatever without the intervention of a vowel, and every word has a vowel termination. That such a tongue must be spoken with great facility, is very obvious; that it can have no very considerable variety of syllables, is equally so; and that it should be characterized by frequent repetitions of the same syllables is a necessity imposed by the paucity and poverty of its elementary character. Distinctness of enunciation is not, however, the result of this simplicity; and the variety of names given by navigators to Hawaiian persons, places, and things, shows that the native words had to the ears of strangers an imperfect utterance. The Hawaiians have no *r*, yet the elongated *a* is often written *ar*; *l* and *r* are scarcely distinguishable; so the capital is sometimes written Honolulu, sometimes Honururu.

Such a language must have had its birth in a rude civilization. It sufficed for the simple wants of an aboriginal population, for the interchange of thoughts that were few, and for the naming of objects confined to the produce of the same soil and the same climate. Science there was none, and it demanded no form of expression. The administration of justice was simple, the rights of persons and property somewhat vaguely recognized or understood; so that *law* itself would but be represented by a phraseology connected less with reason or equity than with long

* "I believe it will be found that all those tongues which we designate as the Indo-European languages have their true root and origin in the Polynesian language. I am certain this is the case as regards the Greek and Sanscrit. I find reason to believe it to be so as to the Latin and other more modern tongues—in short, as to all European languages, old and young."—*Dr. T. Rae on the Polynesian Languages*. Hana Mani, 1862.

usage and recognized power. In the field of ethics still less would be the clear distinctions between right and wrong—between vices and virtues. And so, of course, in the higher regions of intellect. Who could give to a savage any correct notion of what we mean by *Philosophy* in the abstract, or by any of its practical branches, moral or physical? What creates and enriches language is intercourse with others—commercial intercourse more than any other, and especially intercourse with superior races. To this may be traced the resemblance which exists between the *numerals* even of remote nations. These were necessary to the commonest operations of barter, and may be traced from country to country, accompanying the merchant adventurer on his way. But without intercourse there will be found to be few affinities of language; probably, none whatever where evidence exists of absolute isolation, and the ethnological type is without resemblance to any other.

Naturally enough, refined distinctions are not to be found in the scanty nomenclature of rude nations. Many ideas which are clear to the instructed, and for which they easily find expression, are confused to the mind of the savage, and confused conception necessitates imperfect expression. There are tribes that cannot count the first five numbers, who represent two by repeating one and one, and who have a single word for many or multitude—such as stars, sands, or leaves. In the Hawaiian language there are only six words for colours: there is no distinction between black, blue, and deep green; between bright yellow and white; between red and brown. Words for white and black, dark and light, the green of earth and the blue of heaven, will everywhere be found. To express what is round and what is square, words are not wanting; but for the many less marked varieties of shape, words would be sought in vain.

When, for physical and tangible objects, the vocabulary is scant, it will be still more wanting in words which convey the mental emotions. In the Hawaiian language, all the friendly affections—love, sympathy, gratitude, esteem, kindness, benevolence, tenderness—have a single representative in the word *Aloha*; a word so resembling the hailing of our mariners (holla, halo!) that we find it stated in the Hawaiian annals that the sailors who accompanied Captain Cook often uttered “*Aloha, aloha!*” to which a friendly interpretation was immediately given by the natives. The more vehement passions, such as hate and anger, have a greater variety of expression. *Huhu*, the word for rage, literally means *swell, swell*; as we say swelling, bursting with passion.

Resemblances between vowel utterances, in different languages, for the same object, do little to prove their origin from the same source. For an object so universal as *water*, the sounds *a*, *o*, *e*, *i*, and *u*, will be found employed in different parts of the world. The simplest sounds will generally be used to represent the most common objects. A novelty introduced will in most cases necessitate a combination, unless the object indicated bring with it its foreign name.

To the influence of *Asia*, modifications of the normal tongues of the

ancient world are principally to be traced. And this is quite natural, considering the advanced civilization of many of the Oriental races, their migratory habits, the comparative profuseness of their idioms, so fitted to enrich the dialects of less advanced peoples. And it may be observed that, of the most extended of the Asiatic tongues—that of the Chinese, who were not a wandering people—scarcely a word is to be found in the vocabularies of the West. The monosyllabic roots of the Sanscrit may be traced in the great divisions of Celtic, Gothic, and Slavonic languages; but of the *Hwan-hwa*, the classic speech of China, it is believed that scarcely a single word has made its way to the vocabularies of civilization; except, as in the case of *Tea*, *Cha*, *Tchai*, where the article represented is exclusively of Chinese growth.

If in Asia the sources are to be sought of the ramifications of many languages, we may also regard it as the field where languages were fused of a higher antiquity than are preserved in any existing records. The history of language is involved in darkness, like the history of man; but language must in all times have represented the civilization with which it was associated—decaying with decaying peoples, progressing and improving wherever the human race progressed or improved.

The farther we remove from Central Asia, the fewer will be the affinities found with Asian tongues—an evident proof that the language of those remote regions *had not* a common origin; for, if they had such an origin, they would be less changed than those from whence, by the advocates of a single primitive tongue, they are supposed to be derived. The idiom most nearly resembling the ancient Latin is not that now spoken in Italy or Spain, for Italian and Spanish have been created out of the influence of many invasions, which have modified the language of Virgil and Tacitus; while in the distant *Dacia*, the Wallachian, as spoken at the present hour, bears a near resemblance to the idiom used in the days of Imperial Rome. A Roman of the first century would be better understood in Bucharest than in Bologna. An ancient Scandinavian would more easily hold intercourse with a modern Icelfander from Reykjavik than with a Dane or Swede from Copenhagen or Stockholm; but neither Goth, Scandinavian, nor Saxon, would be intelligible to those who speak our modern English tongue.

In languages, as in races, the law of progress prevails. What is imperfect perishes. The strong, the intellectual, supersede the barbarous and the weak. No dialect of antiquity can compare in strength and variety with those which represent modern civilization. The English probably contains twenty thousand words for which no synonymes could be found in the classical tongues; and it may be doubted whether an inhabitant of ancient Athens or Rome would understand many of the adaptations from Greek and Latin, of which modern science has availed itself.

All rude languages have vowel terminations alone; and it may be asked whether, in any language, any word can be pronounced, however it

may be written, without a vowel termination; for a vowel is but an out-breaking and releasing of the breath; and the more mechanical opening of the mouth after the formation of a consonant necessarily gives a more or less distinguishable vowel sound. In the Italian, as written, almost every word ends with a vowel; the few exceptions, as *il*, *al*, *ed*, are really pronounced *il-e*, *al-e*, *ed-e*. In the primary schools of Holland the alphabet is invariably taught by post-fixing instead of prefixing the vowel to the consonant sound. Instead of *ef* for *f*, they use *fe*; not *el* (*l*), but *le*; not *em* (*m*), but *me*; not *en* (*n*), but *ne*; *re*, not *er* (*r*); *se*, not *es* (*s*); *xe* (*x*), not *ex*; and by this means reading is wonderfully facilitated. What can be more perplexing than the teaching an English child to spell *cat*, calling the first letter *see*, and making *see-a-t*, instead of *ke-a-t*, out of the three letters. To a Dutch child the teacher would say *ke-a-t*, and the word is but a rapid sequence of the sounds represented by the letters.

The difficulty of ending every word with a consonant will be discovered if an attempt be made to pronounce the first two letters of the alphabet, *ab*. This cannot be done without a strong effort to dwell upon the *b*, so as to prevent the sudden exhalation of the breath, which is in itself a vowel sound. The utterance of the vowel can only be prevented by the inhalation and absorption of the breath in the throat. A child can, with difficulty, be taught to say *ab*. It will relieve itself by opening its mouth, which will give *aba*, *abe*, *abi*, *abo*, *abu*, as may be; or a vowel sound so vague as scarcely to be distinguishable, but still a vowel sound.

The number of distinct vowel sounds is only three—*a*, produced by the widest opening of the mouth; *u*, the narrowest; and *i*, the middle. *E* is but a combination of *a* and *i*, *o* of *a* and *u*; they are, in fact, diphthongal vowels. Wherever *ai* or *au* occur in English words, they are pronounced like the long *e* and *o* of the Italian and most other continental languages. There can be no doubt that the *kai* of the Greeks, the *que* of the Latins, and the *che* of the Tuscan represent the same sound. The ancient pronunciation of Cæsar (*kaiser*) is preserved by the Germans. The soft *c* of the Italians, and, indeed, of many modern tongues, is but a false orthography.

In a language where vowels prevail, as they prevail in the Hawaiian, the consonants, though few in number, have often an indistinctness in pronunciation not known to languages of more complicated construction. This indistinctness creates difficulties in tracing analogies in words that may have emanated from the same source. But in languages possessing only a few syllabic forms analogies and resemblances must be many from the necessities of the case, the whole vocabulary being so small; so that the same word will have many meanings.* In monosyllabic tongues, this is a defect obviously more remarkable than in polysyllabic ones. The

* *Umi*, in Hawaiian, means rat-trap, the numeral ten, infanticide, and, when repeated (*umi umi*), a man's beard. I have seen an attempt made to show some affinity between these four objects. In China, the word *I* has at least sixty significations; the word *chin*, about half as many.

Chinese diminish, but cannot remove the difficulty, by different intonations, by shortening or lengthening the sound, or by a raising or falling of the voice, or by combinations of different sounds having the same, or nearly the same, meaning; for example, *kan* and *kien* have many meanings, but both represent *see* or *sight*, and when the two are combined, the meaning is unmistakable; if one were used alone misconception would be frequent. When, however, two Chinamen do not understand one another orally, recourse is had to the *sign*, which represents the idea, and which is made on the hand or in the air (for they have no alphabet); and this sign is universally intelligible.

Vowels represent simple exhalations of the breath. The lips, the teeth, the palate, and the throat are called into use when a consonant has to be pronounced. The combination of consonants in a sequence presents the greatest difficulty to the speaker. Many rude nations are unable to unite consonants without the intervention of a connecting vowel. The Slavonic letter *m* (schtsch), the English *th*, the Welsh *ll*, and many others, are not pronounceable by the larger portion of the human race. *Yankee* (N. A. Indian) was through *Yenke*, *Yngkele*, *Ingelis*, derived from *English*; *pigeon* (Chinese), *pigins*, *pignis*, *bisnis*, from *business*.

There is some ground for the theory that the fewer the consonants in language the greater must be its antiquity. And it is to be observed that consonants are fewest in the idioms of tropical nations. There are, however, exceptions to this. The Finnish language is remarkable for the small number of consonants in the aboriginal Finnish words; but the inflections of its nouns and verbs are greater than in most languages, and can only have been the result of its use for many ages.

The first attempts at utterance, or, rather, the earliest sounds of the infant, will be found associated with the parental and filial relations. *Ba*, *pa*, *ma*, occur in most languages as one of, or part of, the forms by which the child appeals to the maternal or paternal care.

Imitative sounds, again, run through most languages, whether rude or polished. Birds take the name of their notes, as *cuckoo*, *peewit*. Many insects and beasts may be known by the resemblance between their names and their voices. Hissing, grunting, humming, thundering, and a hundred others, represent noises to which the words assimilate: the ear has taught the tongue to give them expression.

Rude languages exhibit, far more than cultivated ones, the analogy between the sound and the object it designates. A recess, a den, a chasm, would naturally be represented by opening the mouth, and pronouncing the vowel *a*, which requires the widest separation of the lips. Something to assimilate the sign with the thing signified will be found in all the simpler forms of speech. But the longer languages exist, and the more their vocabularies are enriched, the less intimately will the sound be associated with the sense of a word: in process of time, the art of writing settles an orthography without reference to the origin of words. In the early stage of writing, spelling is necessarily capricious: intercourse

and education are necessary to the adoption of any general system, and orthography must adapt itself to the alphabet which is adopted.

What we call *grammar* could not have been born with language, unless language had been divinely communicated. In its beginnings, language only represented objects visible or tangible to the external senses. Inward emotions displayed themselves in the changes of countenance (such as animals exhibit, but which appear in man with vastly superior power of expression), or in the utterance of ejaculatory sounds. All languages retain these, with much similarity and even identity of character; but the words which represent the more refined sensibilities are of later development.

In the elementary forms of language there is no distinction between nouns and verbs—there are no declensions or conjugations. Pronouns are nouns; adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions are non-existent. Substantives and adjectives come under the same category. Where ideas are represented by signs (as in Chinese), the inflections of nouns and verbs are not seen in the modifications of the *root*, but in the addition of some other sign. A change of position may show the distinction between active and passive, the signs being the same. *Man, love, will* mean that a man loves; *love, man, that* a man is loved. In the languages that represent the highest civilization, the modes of inflection differ greatly. The tenses of our English verbs are mostly represented by auxiliary verbs; the cases of our nouns by particles. We are satisfied with one subjunctive mood; the Spaniards have three. The Germans will have three genders for their definite articles; we will have only one; many languages do without any. Could we trace languages to their earliest stages, we should find only the primary words which represent some definite thought, or thing, or act, whether to that thought, thing, or act we give the name of noun or verb; but the relations of the primary word to time, to place, to other objects, would, in process of time, be found in modifications of the primitive root, or in additions to it, which would represent those other relations.

The disappearance of the ruder idioms from the face of the earth, the invasions of the more perfect forms of speech into the territories of the less perfect, the numerous additions made to the vocabularies of civilized nations, the influence of commerce, of philosophical investigation and discoveries, of travel, of the study of other tongues, upon spoken and written language, are questions every one of which affords materials for volumes of inquiry. What have been the results of warlike invasions?—what of peaceful intercourse? What may have been done by legislation—what by religious action—to maintain, to mould, to modify the instruments of outward communication by the tongue, the pen, the press, are subjects of no common interest. The migration of words affords as various and as wide a field for study as that of seeds, or fishes, or birds, or beasts, or men; and many of the phenomena would not easily be solved.

Of Geese.

IN most large households there is some unfortunate wight to be found who enjoys the unhappy and unenviable distinction of being "the fool of the family." To what circumstance he originally owed this disagreeable *sobriquet* is not always certain; but if it happened to attach to him in very early life, he has but a sorry chance of ridding himself of it, act he afterwards never so wisely. Do what he may, say what he will, he has acquired the reputation of the fool, and this will cloud in most people's eyes any small merit he may possibly exhibit at a later period. There are certain animals too, in the lower orders of creation, who, by the general, nay the almost universal, assent of mankind, have obtained, and often very undeservedly, the character of being, beyond their fellows, silly and foolish, or having, as Pinkerton expresses it in one of his amusing letters, "a fine genius for stupidity."

Amongst these luckless creatures none stands second to the goose. But a little consideration will satisfy us that this despised and decried bird, whose many excellent qualities are—as has been the case with many a great man—never discovered till after his death, has been harshly judged of by the world, who—with the same injustice which condemned Socrates, and stigmatized the shapely Richard III. as a humpback, denounced Macchiavelli as the advocate of political immorality, and Robespierre as being no less fond of blood than were the horses of Diomed—ascribes to the goose an immeasurable stupidity, together with a vanity of not more moderate dimensions. Now it is not a little remarkable that Pliny observes that *modesty* is the attribute which, in the view of many persons, is most conspicuous in this maligned biped, and, from his mode of expressing himself, one might almost infer the old naturalist shared in this belief. When the Hindoo writers desire to intimate that a woman's movements are graceful, they say she walks like a goose—a parallel that scarcely would be instituted if in step or gesture the goose betrayed any of the vanity he has been so wantonly accused of. Indeed, when Frederick Nausea, Bishop of Vienne, desired, in his panegyric on St. Quintin, to convey a fitting idea of the sobriety, chastity, and vigilance of that eminent personage, he found he could not express himself more forcibly than by asserting the holy and virtuous man closely resembled a goose. Had folly been esteemed a prominent characteristic of the bird, the saint would hardly have been likened to it; but it is only ignorance of the darkest hue that ventures to portray the goose as deficient in sagacity or intelligence.

There again is Pliny to be cited, who remarks of geese, that "one might almost be tempted to think that these creatures have an apprecia-

tion of wisdom, for it is said that one of them was the constant companion of the peripatetic philosopher Lacydes, and would never leave him, either in public or when at the bath, by night or by day." We learn from another source, that when this wisdom-loving goose unfortunately died, his friend and companion, the philosopher, honoured him with that last token of affection and respect, a costly and splendid funeral. Ælian speaks of a particular species of the anserine tribe, which he calls *chenalopez* or fox-goose, and which, according to his account, derived this appellation from its crafty and mischievous qualities. He adds, however, that the bird was an object of worship to the Egyptians, so the probability is, that the imputed craft was nothing else than an unusual amount of sagacity, and the propensity to mischief was only an ill name awarded to superior activity and more than ordinary vivacity; for it is inconceivable that the wisest people of antiquity should reverence an animal in which low cunning and an aptitude for malice were predominating characteristics.

It is perfectly well known that if the ancient Egyptians worshipped the goose, they ate him as well—goose-flesh and beef constituting the principal portion of their animal food; and perhaps we should not greatly mistake the matter were we to suppose that, as from the one they hoped to derive physical strength, so from the other they expected to borrow intellectual vigour. It has been an opinion long current amongst mankind that as the bodily, so the mental, faculties depend for their condition merely on the nature of the aliment consumed; that some species of food have a direct influence in modifying the action of the brain, either stimulating its activity, or dulling its powers; and that, in the case of animal diet, the nature of the animal consumed will, in a greater or less degree, become the nature of the animal consuming. Thus, amongst some nations, the hare and the deer are eschewed as articles of sustenance, lest, in eating, the fearfulness and timidity of these quickly terrified creatures should be acquired; whilst other nations have devoured wolves' flesh, and drunk lions' blood, in the hope of thereby becoming fierce and courageous. From such opinions the Egyptians were notoriously not exempt; and, therefore, it is not unreasonable to suppose, in their belief, the mental capacity of the goose was of a high order, inasmuch as they were so greatly devoted to its use for the purposes of food.

But it is unnecessary to recur to so remote a period as that in which "the wisdom of the Egyptians" flourished to establish our position. There, close at hand, is a shrewd enough fellow ready to bear testimony on the goose's behalf. What says Taylor, the water poet? With him the goose is always feminine, for he writes—

*Her brains with salt and pepper if you blend
And eat, they will the understanding mend.*

And again—

*Her lungs and liver into powder dried,
And, fasting, in an ass's milk applied,
Is an experienced cordial for the spleen,*

The conviction prevailed in Taylor's age that men who fed on doves were ever placable, and never choleric; that, as we have just said, they imbibed, from the act of deglutition, the amiable and peace-loving disposition of the birds which the gastric apparatus was disposing of. If, then, a goose's brain, when eaten, mended the understanding, and its liver and lungs rectified the disorders of the spleen, the conclusion is irresistible that, so far from being a silly and vain specimen of creation, as has been hastily and ignorantly alleged, the goose is beyond compare to be esteemed for its intellectual superiority and gentleness of disposition. Benedetto Veltori, a celebrated practitioner in his day, used to prescribe, in cases of convulsions, *goose's grease*, roasted cat, and spice—the *rationale* of his practice evidently being to tranquillize the nerves by imparting to the patient the placidity of temperament and general composure which distinguishes alike the goose and the "harmless necessary cat." The therapeutical value of the goose has also been acknowledged in our own country, for we find that, in the island of Purbeck, geese were, and perhaps still are, habitually kept in the cow-houses, through a notion which is easier ridiculed than dispelled—that they contribute to the health of the cattle. In Batchelor's *Bedfordshire*, moreover, we read that, by many farmers in that county, geese are kept entirely from the belief that their presence in the pastures where the cattle feed is decidedly beneficial to the beasts in a sanitary point of view. It is supposed the birds in some way mitigate the hardness of the water, which is found extremely prejudicial to the cows. When several of Sir Edward Lyttleton's hounds were bitten by a mad dog, the owner was recommended to turn a flock of geese into the kennel, and the best results ensued; for the hounds, lapping up the goose-dung, were either cured of the hydrophobia, or protected against its attacks as by a powerful and efficient prophylactic. Possessing curative virtues of this description, we are scarcely entitled to wonder when we find Dr. Donne observing that "the voice and sound of the goose and snake is all one," for was not the snake dedicated to *Æsculapius*, and supposed to image the profoundest wisdom? And if it has been shown a goose can cure the hydrophobia, it has been shown he can do a great deal more than our faculties of medicine have ever yet achieved with all their efforts. In the *Philosophical Transactions* it is asserted that, of all animals the goose is the most prescient of earthquakes—all animals, of course include astronomers royal and their assistants, so let Mr. Airey and Mr. Glaisher look to it; what prescience have *they* of earthquakes?

The carefulness of this bird has been warmly eulogized by Scaliger, who declares it the very emblem of prudence; for not only does it, when it finds itself indisposed, take at once to doctoring itself, but in passing under an arch, however lofty, it observes a proper precaution against the possibility of accident by stooping its head. An ill-tempered writer, whose last Michaelmas dinner had probably disagreed with him, in a tract to which he gave the affected title of "A Strange Metamorphosis of Man transformed into a Wildernes, deciphered in Characters," gives

another account of the matter. He says (with him, too, the goose, perhaps on account of its loquacity, is feminine), "She hath a great opinion of her own stature, especially if she be in company of the rest of her neighbours and fellow gossippes, the duckes and hennes, at a harvest feast; for then, if she enter into the Hall there, as high and wide as the Doore is, she will stoop for feare of breaking her head." This Zoilus of a critic objects also to the concert with which these birds occasionally regale those who have the advantage of living in their vicinity. He declares that they "hate the lawrell, which is the reason they have no poet amongst them; so as if there be any that seem to have a smatch [*sic*] in that generous science, he arrives no higher than the style of a ballet, wherein they have reasonable faculties, especially at a Wake, when they assemble themselves together at a towne-greene, for then they sing their Ballets, and lay out such throats as the country fiddlers cannot be heard."

It is in a more generous spirit that Michael Savonarola testifies to their sagacity in every morning drinking before they touch their food, and thus ensuring, should not the cook interpose, for themselves a long life, as it is an ascertained fact, or supposed to be such, that birds which habitually drink before eating are invariably long-lived. In crossing Mount Taurus, which it does in flocks, it has been observed to take a stone in its beak, in order to maintain a total silence; for its cackling—a weakness to which it is unhappily addicted—would otherwise betray its presence to the eagles which abound in that region, and with whom the goose is a dainty as much appreciated as it is by the Scot at Christmas-tide. Although in some senses a solemn bird, which in England invariably at one time figured at funeral feasts, it has shown itself not insensible to the calls of domestic duty, for a goose has been seen in a kitchen industriously turning a spit on which a turkey has been roasting.

Writers on psychology lead us to believe that animals greatly given to sleep are usually inferior in sagacity to those whose somnolency is of a less marked character, and, in our own species, it is noticeable that, as the brain expands and the mental powers develop themselves, the amount of sleep indulged in sensibly diminishes. Amongst the lower animals the monkey has been considered the most closely to approximate to man in his organisation, and, as man is the least sleepy of *all* animals, so in a minor degree is the monkey less prone to slumber than most other animals. Now the wakefulness of the goose is proverbial, and supplies an additional reason for our protest against the calumnies to which the highly gifted and singularly endowed subject of these remarks has been ruthlessly exposed. It was the vigilance of her geese which saved Rome; the cackling bird was awake when the *civis Romanus* was wrapped in sweet oblivion, and that wakefulness long rendered the feathered sentry sacred in the eyes of the people. But gratitude wears out after a time, and at a subsequent period he was esteemed more for his edible excellencies

than for his fortunate watchfulness. The geese which the Gauls reared in Picardy were driven to Rome on foot, and met a ready sale. A Consul Scipio Metellus—though another disputes with him the merit—is thought to have paid considerable attention to the fattening of the animal, whose liver, stuffed with figs, as Horace informs us, was accounted a *bonne bouche* by the masters of the world. But earlier than this the dietetical worthiness of the goose was practically recognized. An ancient Greek writer, some passage from whose works have been preserved by Athenæus, couples the “geese-feeders” with the “cowherds,” as if the occupation of both was of equal importance; whilst Homer himself alludes to “the fine home-fattened goose”—fattened, it would appear, wholly upon wheat. The Church seems early to have taken this interesting bird under her motherly protection, although we do not exactly understand why at Rome, as Jeremy Taylor says, “the common people” should be “taught to pray to St. Gall for the health and fecundity of their geese,” inasmuch as St. Ferreol is asserted by the canon Rabelais—no mean authority, we should think, on such a subject—to be the patron saint of all geese, and to have merited such a distinction by his devoted admiration of roast goose. This inimitable and most savoury dish was common on the table in France on St. Martin’s day—that is, when in France St. Martin’s day and other saints’ days were held in regard—and, as it is pretended, as a slight upon the bird. It is said that the geese literally plagued the saint out of his life; that once, when preaching, a goose commenced an independent discourse in his own style, and on his own account, which vexed the saint to a degree to which no saint ought to be vexed; that accordingly he retired to a deep cave, in whose recesses he buried himself to meditate at his ease, but that there he found a goose had been before him, whose sonorous cackling completely upset his saintly composure, and drove him forth out of his retirement. To sum all, he, out of a sort of revenge, made such a hearty dinner off a goose, that, the bird proving not to be in prime condition, he fell ill, and very speedily died. In token of their high displeasure at the malevolence of geese, the people of France were said every year, on St. Martin’s day, to make their repast off roast goose—as if it were necessary to forge so incredible a legend to account for so rational and laudable an act!

The Small House at Illington.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COMBAT.



HAVE said that John Eames was at his office punctually at twelve; but an incident had happened before his arrival there very important in the annals which are now being told,—so important that it is essentially necessary that it should be described with some minuteness of detail.

Lord De Guest, in the various conversations which he had had with Eames as to Lily Dale and her present position, had always spoken of Crosbie with the most vehement abhorrence. "He is a damned blackguard," said the earl, and the fire had come out of his round eyes as he spoke. Now the earl was by no means given to cursing and swearing, in the sense which

is ordinarily applied to these words. When he made use of such a phrase as that quoted above, it was to be presumed that he in some sort meant what he said; and so he did, and had intended to signify that Crosbie by his conduct had merited all such condemnation as was the fitting punishment for blackguardism of the worst description.

"He ought to have his neck broken," said Johnny.

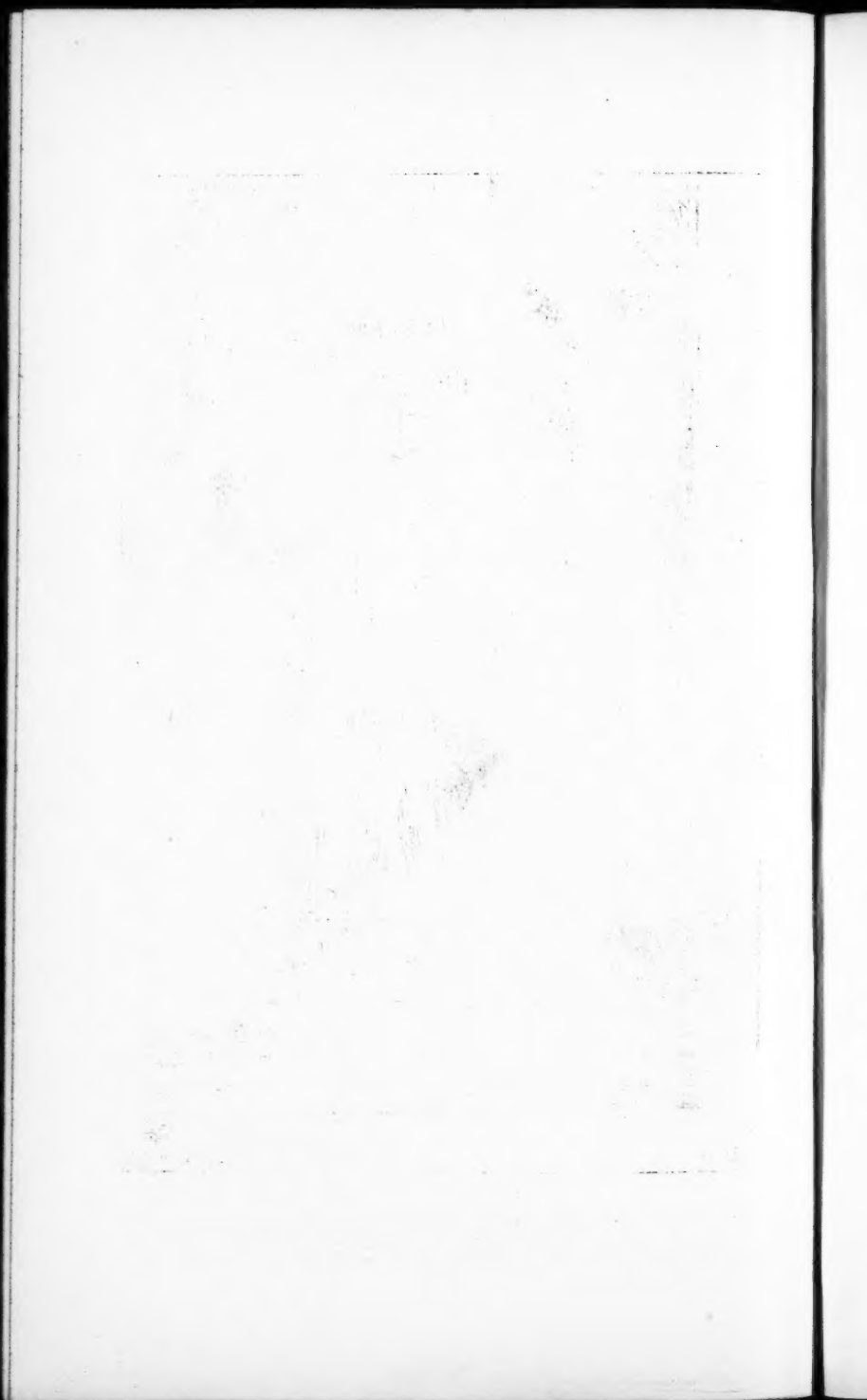
"I don't know about that," said the earl. "The present times have become so pretty behaved that corporal punishment seems to have gone out of fashion. I shouldn't care so much about that, if any other punishment had taken its place. But it seems to me that a blackguard such as Crosbie can escape now altogether unscathed."

"He hasn't escaped yet," said Johnny.

"Don't you go and put your finger in the pie and make a fool of



"AND YOU WENT IN AT HIM ON THE STATION?"



yourself," said the earl. If it had behoved any one to resent in any violent fashion the evil done by Crosbie, Bernard Dale, the earl's nephew, should have been the avenger. This the earl felt, but under these circumstances he was disposed to think that there should be no such violent vengeance. "Things were different when I was young," he said to himself. But Eames gathered from the earl's tone that the earl's words were not strictly in accordance with his thoughts, and he declared to himself over and over again that Crosbie had not yet escaped.

He got into the train at Guestwick, taking a first-class ticket, because the earl's groom in livery was in attendance upon him. Had he been alone he would have gone in a cheaper carriage. Very weak in him, was it not? little also, and mean? My friend, can you say that you would not have done the same at his age? Are you quite sure that you would not do the same now that you are double his age? Be that as it may, Johnny Eames did that foolish thing, and gave the groom in livery half-a-crown into the bargain.

"We shall have you down again soon, Mr. John," said the groom, who seemed to understand that Mr. Eames was to be made quite at home at the manor.

He went fast to sleep in the carriage, and did not awake till the train was stopped at the Barchester Junction.

"Waiting for the up-train from Barchester, sir," said the guard. "They're always late." Then he went to sleep again, and was aroused in a few minutes by some one entering the carriage in a great hurry. The branch train had come in, just as the guardians of the line then present had made up their minds that the passengers on the main line should not be kept waiting any longer. The transfer of men, women, and luggage was therefore made in great haste, and they who were now taking their new seats had hardly time to look about them. An old gentleman, very red about the gills, first came into Johnny's carriage, which up to that moment he had shared with an old lady. The old gentleman was abusing everybody, because he was hurried, and would not take himself well into the compartment, but stuck in the doorway, standing on the step.

"Now, sir, when you're quite at leisure," said a voice behind the old man, which instantly made Eames start up in his seat.

"I'm not at all at leisure," said the old man; "and I'm not going to break my legs if I know it."

"Take your time, sir," said the guard.

"So I mean," said the old man, seating himself in the corner nearest to the open door, opposite to the old lady. Then Eames saw plainly that it was Crosbie who had first spoken, and that he was getting into the carriage.

Crosbie at the first glance saw no one but the old gentleman and the old lady, and he immediately made for the unoccupied corner seat. He was busy with his umbrella and his dressing-bag, and a little flustered by the pushing and hurrying. The carriage was actually in motion before

he perceived that John Eames was opposite to him : Eames had, instinctively, drawn up his legs so as not to touch him. He felt that he had become very red in the face, and to tell the truth, the perspiration had broken out upon his brow. It was a great occasion,—great in its imminent trouble, and great in its opportunity for action. How was he to carry himself at the first moment of his recognition by his enemy, and what was he to do afterwards ?

It need hardly be explained that Crosbie had also been spending his Christmas with a certain earl of his acquaintance, and that he too was returning to his office. In one respect he had been much more fortunate than poor Eames, for he had been made happy with the smiles of his lady love. Alexandrina and the countess had fluttered about him softly, treating him as a tame chattel, now belonging to the noble house of De Courcy, and in this way he had been initiated into the inner domesticities of that illustrious family. The two extra men-servants, hired to wait upon Lady Dumbello, had vanished. The champagne had ceased to flow in a perennial stream. Lady Rosina had come out from her solitude, and had preached at him constantly. Lady Margaretta had given him some lessons in economy. The Honourable John, in spite of a late quarrel, had borrowed five pounds from him. The Honourable George had engaged to come and stay with his sister during the next May. The earl had used a father-in-law's privilege, and had called him a fool. Lady Alexandrina had told him more than once, in rather a tart voice, that this must be done, and that that must be done ; and the countess had given him her orders as though it was his duty, in the course of nature, to obey every word that fell from her. Such had been his Christmas delights ; and now, as he returned back from the enjoyment of them, he found himself confronted in the railway carriage with Johnny Eames !

The eyes of the two met, and Crosbie made a slight inclination of his head. To this Eames gave no acknowledgment whatever, but looked straight into the other's face. Crosbie immediately saw that they were not to know each other, and was well contented that it should be so. Among all his many troubles, the enmity of John Eames did not go for much. He showed no appearance of being disconcerted, though our friend had shown much. He opened his bag, and taking out a book was soon deeply engaged in it, pursuing his studies as though the man opposite was quite unknown to him. I will not say that his mind did not run away from his book, for indeed there were many things of which he found it impossible not to think ; but it did not revert to John Eames. Indeed, when the carriages reached Paddington, he had in truth all but forgotten him ; and as he stepped out of the carriage, with his bag in his hand, was quite free from any remotest trouble on his account.

But it had not been so with Eames himself. Every moment of the journey had for him been crowded with thought as to what he would do now that chance had brought his enemy within his reach. He had been made quite wretched by the intensity of his thinking ; and yet, when the

carriages stopped, he had not made up his mind. His face had been covered with perspiration ever since Crosbie had come across him, and his limbs had hardly been under his own command. Here had come to him a great opportunity, and he felt so little confidence in himself that he almost knew that he would not use it properly. Twice and thrice he had almost flown at Crosbie's throat in the carriage, but he was restrained by an idea that the world and the police would be against him if he did such a thing in the presence of that old lady.

But when Crosbie turned his back upon him, and walked out, it was absolutely necessary that he should do something. He was not going to let the man escape, after all that he had said as to the expediency of thrashing him. Any other disgrace would be preferable to that. Fearing, therefore, lest his enemy should be too quick for him, he hurried out after him, and only just gave Crosbie time to turn round and face the carriages before he was upon him. "You confounded scoundrel!" he screamed out. "You confounded scoundrel!" and seized him by the throat, throwing himself upon him, and almost devouring him by the fury of his eyes.

The crowd upon the platform was not very dense, but there were quite enough of people to make a very respectable audience for this little play. Crosbie, in his dismay, retreated a step or two, and his retreat was much accelerated by the weight of Eames' attack. He endeavoured to free his throat from his foe's grasp; but in that he failed entirely. For the minute, however, he did manage to escape any positive blow, owing his safety in that respect rather to Eames' awkwardness than to his own efforts. Something about the police he was just able to utter, and there was, as a matter of course, an immediate call for a supply of those functionaries. In about three minutes three policemen, assisted by six porters, had captured our poor friend Johnny; but this had not been done quick enough for Crosbie's purposes. The bystanders, taken by surprise, had allowed the combatants to fall back upon Mr. Smith's book-stall, and there Eames laid his foe prostrate among the newspapers, falling himself into the yellow shilling-novel dépôt by the over fury of his own energy; but as he fell, he contrived to lodge one blow with his fist in Crosbie's right eye,—one telling blow; and Crosbie had, to all intents and purposes, been thrashed.

"Con—founded scoundrel, rascal, blackguard!" shouted Johnny, with what remnants of voice were left to him, as the police dragged him off. "If you only knew—what he's—done." But in the meantime the policemen held him fast.

As a matter of course the first burst of public sympathy went with Crosbie. He had been assaulted, and the assault had come from Eames. In the British bosom there is so firm a love of well-constituted order, that these facts alone were sufficient to bring twenty knights to the assistance of the three policemen and the six porters; so that for Eames, even had he desired it, there was no possible chance of escape. But he did not desire it. One only sorrow consumed him at present. He had, as he

felt, attacked Crosbie, but had attacked him in vain. He had had his opportunity, and had misused it. He was perfectly unconscious of that happy blow, and was in absolute ignorance of the great fact that his enemy's eye was already swollen and closed, and that in another hour it would be as black as his hat.

"He is a con—founded rascal!" ejaculated Eames, as the policemen and porters hauled him about. "You don't know what he's done."

"No, we don't," said the senior constable; "but we know what you have done. I say, Bushers, where's that gentleman? He'd better come along with us."

Crosbie had been picked up from among the newspapers by another policeman and two or three other porters, and was attended also by the guard of the train, who knew him, and knew that he had come up from Courcy Castle. Three or four hangers-on were standing also around him, together with a benevolent medical man who was proposing to him an immediate application of leeches. If he could have done as he wished, he would have gone his way quietly, allowing Eames to do the same. A great evil had befallen him, but he could in no way mitigate that evil by taking the law of the man who had attacked him. To have the thing as little talked about as possible should be his endeavour. What though he should have Eames locked up and fined, and scolded by a police magistrate? That would not in any degree lessen his calamity. If he could have parried the attack, and got the better of his foe; if he could have administered the black eye instead of receiving it, then indeed he could have laughed the matter off at his club, and his original crime would have been somewhat glozed over by his success in arms. But such good fortune had not been his. He was forced, however, on the moment to decide as to what he would do.

"We've got him here in custody, sir," said Bushers, touching his hat. It had become known from the guard that Crosbie was somewhat of a big man, a frequent guest at Courcy Castle, and of repute and station in the higher regions of the Metropolitan world. "The magistrates will be sitting at Paddington, now, sir—or will be by the time we get there."

By this time some mighty railway authority had come upon the scene and made himself cognizant of the facts of the row,—a stern official who seemed to carry the weight of many engines on his brow; one at the very sight of whom smokers would drop their cigars, and porters close their fists against sixpences; a great man with an erect chin, a quick step, and a well-brushed hat powerful with an elaborately upturned brim. This was the platform-superintendent, dominant even over the policemen.

"Step into my room, Mr. Crosbie," he said. "Stubbs, bring that man in with you." And then, before Crosbie had been able to make up his mind as to any other line of conduct, he found himself in the superintendent's room, accompanied by the guard, and by the two policemen who conducted Johnny Eames between them.

"What's all this?" said the superintendent, still keeping on his hat,

for he was aware how much of the excellence of his personal dignity was owing to the arrangement of that article; and as he spoke he frowned upon the culprit with his utmost severity. "Mr. Crosbie, I am very sorry that you should have been exposed to such brutality on our platform."

"You don't know what he has done," said Johnny. "He is the most confounded scoundrel living. He has broken——" But then he stopped himself. He was going to tell the superintendent that the confounded scoundrel had broken a beautiful young lady's heart; but he bethought himself that he would not allude more specially to Lily Dale in that hearing.

"Do you know who he is, Mr. Crosbie," said the superintendent.

"Oh, yes," said Crosbie, whose eye was already becoming blue. "He is a clerk in the Income-tax Office, and his name is Eames. I believe you had better leave him to me."

But the superintendent at once wrote down the words "Income-tax Office,—Eames," on his tablet. "We can't allow a row like that to take place on our platform and not notice it. I shall bring it before the directors. It's a most disgraceful affair, Mr. Eames,—most disgraceful."

But Johnny by this time had perceived that Crosbie's eye was in a state which proved satisfactorily that his morning's work had not been thrown away, and his spirits were rising accordingly. He did not care two straws for the superintendent or even for the policemen, if only the story could be made to tell well for himself hereafter. It was his object to have thrashed Crosbie, and now, as he looked at his enemy's face, he acknowledged that Providence had been good to him.

"That's your opinion," said Johnny.

"Yes, sir, it is," said the superintendent; "and I shall know how to represent the matter to your superiors, young man."

"You don't know all about it," said Eames; "and I don't suppose you ever will. I had made up my mind what I'd do the first time I saw that scoundrel there; and now I've done it. He'd have got much worse in the railway carriage, only there was a lady there."

"Mr. Crosbie, I really think we had better take him before the magistrates."

To this, however, Crosbie objected. He assured the superintendent that he would himself know how to deal with the matter,—which, however, was exactly what he did not know. Would the superintendent allow one of the railway servants to get a cab for him, and to find his luggage? He was very anxious to get home without being subjected to any more of Mr. Eames' insolence.

"You haven't done with Mr. Eames' insolence yet, I can tell you. All London shall hear of it, and shall know why. If you have any shame in you, you shall be ashamed to show your face."

Unfortunate man! Who can say that punishment,—adequate punishment,—had not overtaken him? For the present, he had to sneak home with a black eye, with the knowledge inside him that he had been

whipped by a clerk in the Income-tax Office ; and for the future,—he was bound over to marry Lady Alexandrina De Courcy !

He got himself smuggled off in a cab, without being forced to go again upon the platform, his luggage being brought to him by two assiduous porters. But in all this there was very little balm for his hurt pride. As he ordered the cabman to drive to Mount Street, he felt that he had ruined himself by that step in life which he had taken at Courcy Castle. Whichever way he looked he had no comfort. "D—— the fellow !" he said, almost out loud in the cab ; but though he did with his outward voice allude to Eames, the curse in his inner thoughts was uttered against himself.

Johnny was allowed to make his way down to the platform, and there find his own carpet-bag. One young porter, however, came up and fraternized with him.

"You gave it him tidy just at that last moment, sir. But, laws, sir, you should have let out at him at fust. What's the use of clawing a man's neck-collar?"

It was then a quarter past eleven, but, nevertheless, Eames appeared at his office precisely at twelve.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VÆ VICTIS.

CROSBIE had two engagements for that day ; one being his natural engagement to do his work at his office, and the other an engagement, which was now very often becoming as natural, to dine at St. John's Wood with Lady Amelia Gazebee. It was manifest to him when he looked at himself in the glass that he could keep neither of these engagements. "Oh, laws, Mr. Crosbie," the woman of the house exclaimed when she saw him.

"Yes, I know," said he. "I've had an accident and got a black eye. What's a good thing for it?"

"Oh! an accident!" said the woman, who knew well that that mark had been made by another man's fist. "They do say that a bit of raw beef is about the best thing. But then it must be held on constant all the morning."

Anything would be better than leeches, which tell long-enduring tales, and therefore Crosbie sat through the greater part of the morning holding the raw beef to his eye.

But it was necessary that he should write two notes as he held it, one to Mr. Butterwell at his office, and the other to his future sister-in-law. He felt that it would hardly be wise to attempt any entire concealment of the nature of his catastrophe, as some of the circumstances would assuredly become known. If he said that he had fallen over the

coal-scuttle or on to the fender, thereby cutting his face, people would learn that he had fibbed, and would learn also that he had had some reason for fibbing. Therefore he constructed his notes with a phraseology that bound him to no details. To Butterwell he said that he had had an accident,—or rather a row,—and that he had come out of it with considerable damage to his frontispiece. He intended to be at the office on the next day, whether able to appear decently there or not. But for the sake of decency he thought it well to give himself that one half-day's chance. Then to the Lady Amelia he also said that he had had an accident, and had been a little hurt. "It is nothing at all serious, and affects only my appearance, so that I had better remain in for a day. I shall certainly be with you on Sunday. Don't let Gazebee trouble himself to come to me, as I shan't be at home after to-day." Gazebee did trouble himself to come to Mount Street so often, and South Audley Street, in which was Mr. Gazebee's office, was so disagreeably near to Mount Street, that Crosbie inserted this in order to protect himself if possible. Then he gave special orders that he was to be at home to no one, fearing that Gazebee would call for him after the hours of business,—to make him safe and carry him off bodily to St. John's Wood.

The beefsteak and the dose of physic and the cold-water application which was kept upon it all night was not efficacious in dispelling that horrid, black-blue colour by ten o'clock on the following morning.

"It certainly have gone down, Mr. Crosbie; it certainly have," said the mistress of the lodgings, touching the part affected with her finger. "But the black won't go out of them all in a minute; it won't indeed. Couldn't you just stay in one more day?"

"But will one day do it, Mrs. Phillips?"

Mrs. Phillips couldn't take upon herself to say that it would. "They mostly come with little red streaks across the black before they goes away," said Mrs. Phillips, who would seem to have been the wife of a prize-fighter, so well was she acquainted with black eyes.

"And that won't be till to-morrow," said Crosbie, affecting to be mirthful in his agony.

"Not till the third day;—and then they wears themselves out, gradual. I never knew leeches do any good."

He stayed at home the second day, and then resolved that he would go to his office, black eye and all. In that morning's newspaper he saw an account of the whole transaction, saying how Mr. C—— of the office of General Committees, who was soon about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful daughter of the Earl De C——, had been made the subject of a brutal personal attack on the platform of the Great Western Railway Station, and how he was confined to his room from the injuries which he had received. The paragraph went on to state that the delinquent had, as it was believed, dared to raise his eyes to the same lady, and that his audacity had been treated with scorn by every member of the noble family in question. "It was, however, satisfactory to know," so said the

newspaper, "that Mr. C—— had amply avenged himself, and had so flogged the young man in question, that he had been unable to stir from his bed since the occurrence."

On reading this Crosbie felt that it would be better that he should show himself at once, and tell as much of the truth as the world would be likely to ascertain at last without his telling. So on that third morning he put on his hat and gloves, and had himself taken to his office, though the red-streaky period of his misfortune had hardly even yet come upon him. The task of walking along the office passage, through the messengers' lobby, and into his room, was very disagreeable. Of course everybody looked at him, and of course he failed in his attempt to appear as though he did not mind it. "Boggs," he said to one of the men as he passed by, "just see if Mr. Butterwell is in his room," and then, as he expected, Mr. Butterwell came to him after the expiration of a few minutes.

"Upon my word, that is serious," said Mr. Butterwell, looking into the secretary's damaged face. "I don't think I would have come out if I had been you."

"Of course it's disagreeable," said Crosbie; "but it's better to put up with it. Fellows do tell such horrid lies if a man isn't seen for a day or two. I believe it's best to put a good face upon it."

"That's more than you can do just at present, eh, Crosbie?" And then Mr. Butterwell tittered. "But how on earth did it happen? The paper says that you pretty well killed the fellow who did it."

"The paper lies, as papers always do. I didn't touch him at all."

"Didn't you, though? I should like to have had a poke at him after getting such a tap in the face as that."

"The policemen came, and all that sort of thing. One isn't allowed to fight it out in a row of that kind as one would have to do on Salisbury heath. Not that I mean to say that I could lick the fellow. How's a man to know whether he can or not?"

"How, indeed, unless he gets a licking,—or gives it? But who was he, and what's this about his having been scorned by the noble family?"

"Trash and lies, of course. He had never seen any of the De Courcy people."

"I suppose the truth is, it was about that other—eh, Crosbie? I knew you'd find yourself in some trouble before you'd done."

"I don't know what it was about, or why he should have made such a brute of himself. You have heard about those people at Allington?"

"Oh, yes; I have heard about them."

"God knows, I didn't mean to say anything against them. They knew nothing about it."

"But the young fellow knew them? Ah, yes, I see all about it. He wants to step into your shoes. I can't say that he sets about it in a bad way. But what do you mean to do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Won't that look queer? I think I should have him before the magistrates."

"You see, Butterwell, I am bound to spare that girl's name. I know I have behaved badly."

"Well, yes; I fear you have."

Mr. Butterwell said this with some considerable amount of decision in his voice, as though he did not intend to mince matters, or in any way to hide his opinion. Crosbie had got into a way of condemning himself in this matter of his marriage, but was very anxious that others, on hearing such condemnation from him, should say something in the way of palliating his fault. It would be so easy for a friend to remark that such little peccadilloes were not altogether uncommon, and that it would sometimes happen in life that people did not know their own minds. He had hoped for some such benevolence from Fowler Pratt, but had hoped in vain. Butterwell was a good-natured, easy man, anxious to stand well with all about him, never pretending to any very high tone of feeling or of morals; and yet Butterwell would say no word of comfort to him. He could get no one to slur over his sin for him, as though it were no sin,—only an unfortunate mistake; no one but the De Courcys, who had, as it were, taken possession of him and swallowed him alive.

"It can't be helped now," said Crosbie. "But as for that fellow who made such a brutal attack on me the other morning, he knows that he is safe behind her petticoats. I can do nothing which would not make some mention of her name necessary."

"Ah, yes; I see," said Butterwell. "It's very unfortunate; very. I don't know that I can do anything for you. Will you come before the Board to-day?"

"Yes; of course I shall," said Crosbie, who was becoming very sore. His sharp ear had told him that all Butterwell's respect and cordiality were gone,—at any rate for the time. Butterwell, though holding the higher official rank, had always been accustomed to treat him as though he, the inferior, were to be courted. He had possessed, and had known himself to possess, in his office as well as in the outside world, a sort of rank much higher than that which from his position he could claim legitimately. Now he was being deposed. There could be no better touchstone in such a matter than Butterwell. He would go as the world went, but he would perceive almost intuitively how the world intended to go. "Tact, tact, tact," as he was in the habit of saying to himself when walking along the paths of his Putney villa. Crosbie was now secretary, whereas a few months before he had been simply a clerk; but, nevertheless, Mr. Butterwell's instinct told him that Crosbie had fallen. Therefore he declined to offer any sympathy to the man in his misfortune, and felt aware, as he left the secretary's room, that it might probably be some time before he visited it again.

Crosbie resolved in his soreness that henceforth he would brazen it out. He would go to the Board, with as much indifference as to his black

eye as he was able to assume, and if any one said aught to him he would be ready with his answer. He would go to his club, and let him who intended to show him any slight beware of him in his wrath. He could not turn upon John Eames, but he could turn upon others if it were necessary. He had not gained for himself a position before the world, and held it now for some years, to allow himself to be crushed at once because he had made a mistake. If the world, his world, chose to go to war with him, he would be ready for the fight. As for Butterwell,—Butterwell the incompetent, Butterwell the vapid,—for Butterwell, who in every little official difficulty had for years past come to him, he would let Butterwell know what it was to be thus disloyal to one who had condescended to be his friend. He would show them all at the Board that he scorned them, and could be their master. Then, too, as he was making some other resolves as to his future conduct, he made one or two resolutions respecting the De Courcy people. He would make it known to them that he was not going to be their very humble servant. He would speak out his mind with considerable plainness; and if upon that they should choose to break off this "alliance," they might do so; he would not break his heart. And as he leaned back in his arm-chair, thinking of all this, an idea made its way into his brain,—a floating castle in the air, rather than the image of a thing that might by possibility be realized; and in this castle in the air he saw himself kneeling again at Lily's feet, asking her pardon, and begging that he might once more be taken to her heart.

"Mr. Crosbie is here to-day," said Mr. Butterwell to Mr. Optimist.

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Optimist, very gravely; for he had heard all about the row at the railway station.

"They've made a monstrous show of him."

"I am very sorry to hear it. It's so—so—so—— If it were one of the younger clerks, you know, we should tell him that it was discreditable to the department."

"If a man gets a blow in the eye, he can't help it, you know. He didn't do it himself, I suppose," said Major Fiasco.

"I am well aware that he didn't do it himself," continued Mr. Optimist; "but I really think that, in his position, he should have kept himself out of any such encounter."

"He would have done so if he could, with all his heart," said the major. "I don't suppose he liked being thrashed any better than I should."

"Nobody gives me a black eye," said Mr. Optimist.

"Nobody has as yet," said the major.

"I hope they never will," said Mr. Butterwell. Then, the hour for their meeting having come round, Mr. Crosbie came into the Board-room.

"We have been very sorry to hear of this misfortune," said Mr. Optimist, very gravely.

"Not half so sorry as I have been," said Crosbie, with a laugh. "It's an uncommon nuisance to have a black eye, and to go about looking like a prize-fighter."

"And like a prize-fighter that didn't win his battle, too," said Fiasco.

"I don't know that there's much difference as to that," said Crosbie.

"But the whole thing is a nuisance, and, if you please, we won't say anything more about it."

Mr. Optimist almost entertained an opinion that it was his duty to say something more about it. Was not he the chief Commissioner, and was not Mr. Crosbie secretary to the Board? Ought he, looking at their respective positions, to pass over without a word of notice such a manifest impropriety as this? Would not Sir Raffle Buffle have said something had Mr. Butterwell, when secretary, come to the office with a black eye? He wished to exercise all the full rights of a chairman; but, nevertheless, as he looked at the secretary he felt embarrassed, and was unable to find the proper words. "H—m, ha, well; we'll go to business now, if you please," he said, as though reserving to himself the right of returning to the secretary's black eye, when the more usual business of the Board should be completed. But when the more usual business of the Board had been completed, the secretary left the room without any further reference to his eye.

Crosbie, when he got back to his own apartment, found Mortimer Gazebee waiting there for him.

"My dear fellow," said Gazebee, "this is a very nasty affair."

"Uncommonly nasty," said Crosbie; "so nasty that I don't mean to talk about it to anybody."

"Lady Amelia is quite unhappy." He always called her Lady Amelia, even when speaking of her to his own brothers and sisters. He was too well behaved to take the liberty of calling an earl's daughter by her plain Christian name, even though that earl's daughter was his own wife. "She fears that you have been a good deal hurt."

"Not at all hurt; but disfigured, as you see."

"And so you beat the fellow well that did it?"

"No, I didn't," said Crosbie, very angrily. "I didn't beat him at all. You don't believe everything you read in the newspapers; do you?"

"No, I don't believe everything. Of course I didn't believe about his having aspired to an alliance with Lady Alexandrina. That was untrue, of course." Mr. Gazebee showed by the tone of his voice that imprudence so unparalleled as that was quite incredible.

"You shouldn't believe anything; except this,—that I have got a black eye."

"You certainly have got that. Lady Amelia thinks you would be more comfortable if you would come up to us this evening. You can't go out, of course; but Lady Amelia said, very good-naturedly, that you need not mind with her."

"Thank you, no; I'll come on Sunday."

"Of course Lady Alexandrina will be very anxious to hear from her sister; and Lady Amelia begged me very particularly to press you to come."

"Thank you, no; not to-day."

"Why not?"

"Oh, simply because I shall be better at home."

"How can you be better at home? You can have anything that you want. Lady Amelia won't mind, you know."

Another beefsteak to his eye, as he sat in the drawing-room, a cold-water bandage, or any little medical appliance of that sort;—these were the things which Lady Amelia would, in her domestic good nature, condescend not to mind!

"I won't trouble her this evening," said Crosbie.

"Well, upon my word, I think you're wrong. All manner of stories will get down to Courcy Castle, and to the countess's ears; and you don't know what harm may come of it. Lady Amelia thinks she had better write and explain it; but she can't do so till she has heard something about it from you."

"Look here, Gazebee. I don't care one straw what story finds its way down to Courcy Castle."

"But if the earl were to hear anything, and be offended?"

"He may recover from his offence as he best likes."

"My dear fellow;—that's talking wildly, you know."

"What on earth do you suppose the earl can do to me? Do you think I'm going to live in fear of Lord De Courcy all my life, because I'm going to marry his daughter? I shall write to Alexandrina myself to-day, and you can tell her sister so. I'll be up to dinner on Sunday, unless my face makes it altogether out of the question."

"And you won't come in time for church?"

"Would you have me go to church with such a face as this?"

Then Mr. Mortimer Gazebee went, and when he got home he told his wife that Crosbie was taking things with a high hand. "The fact is, my dear, that he's ashamed of himself, and therefore tries to put a bold face upon it."

"It was very foolish of him throwing himself in the way of that young man,—very; and so I shall tell him on Sunday. If he chooses to give himself airs to me, I shall make him understand that he is very wrong. He should remember now that the way in which he conducts himself is a matter of moment to all our family."

"Of course he should," said Mr. Gazebee.

When the Sunday came the red-streaky period had arrived, but had by no means as yet passed away. The men at the office had almost become used to it; but Crosbie, in spite of his determination to go down to the club, had not yet shown himself elsewhere. Of course he did not go to church, but at five he made his appearance at the house in St. John's Wood. They always dined at five on Sundays, having some idea that by doing so they kept the Sabbath better than they would have done had they dined at seven. If keeping the Sabbath consists in going to bed early, or is in any way assisted by such a practice, they were right. To the cook that semi-early dinner might perhaps be convenient,

as it gave her an excuse for not going to church in the afternoon, as the servants' and children's dinner gave her a similar excuse in the morning. Such little attempts at goodness,—proceeding half the way, or perhaps, as in this instance, one quarter of the way, on the disagreeable path towards goodness,—are very common with respectable people, such as Lady Amelia. If she would have dined at one o'clock, and have eaten cold meat, one perhaps might have felt that she was entitled to some praise.

"Dear, dear, dear; this is very sad, isn't it, Adolphus?" she said on first seeing him.

"Well, it is sad, Amelia," he said. He always called her Amelia, because she called him Adolphus; but Gazebee himself was never quite pleased when he heard it. Lady Amelia was older than Crosbie, and entitled to call him anything she liked; but he should have remembered the great difference in their rank. "It is sad, Amelia," he said. "But will you oblige me in one thing?"

"What thing, Adolphus?"

"Not to say a word more about it. The black eye is a bad thing no doubt, and has troubled me much; but the sympathy of my friends has troubled me a great deal more. I had all the family commiseration from Gazebee on Friday, and if it is repeated again, I shall lay down and die."

"Shall 'oo die, uncle Dolphus, 'cause 'oo've got a bad eye?" asked De Courcy Gazebee, the eldest hope of the family, looking up into his face.

"No, my hero," said Crosbie, taking the boy up into his arms, "not because I've got a black eye. There isn't very much harm in that, and you'll have a great many before you leave school. But because the people will go on talking about it."

"But aunt Dina on't like 'oo, if 'oo've got an ugly bad eye."

"But, Adolphus," said Lady Amelia, settling herself for an argument, "that's all very well, you know—and I'm sure I'm very sorry to cause you any annoyance,—but really one doesn't know how to pass over such a thing without speaking of it. I have had a letter from mamma."

"I hope Lady De Courcy is quite well."

"Quite well, thank you. But as a matter of course she is very anxious about this affair. She had read what has been said in the newspapers, and it may be necessary that Mortimer should take it up, as the family solicitor."

"Quite out of the question," said Adolphus.

"I don't think I should advise any such step as that," said Gazebee.

"Perhaps not; very likely not. But you cannot be surprised, Mortimer, that my mother under such circumstances should wish to know what are the facts of the case."

"Not at all surprised," said Gazebee.

"Then once for all, I'll tell you the facts. As I got out of the train a man I'd seen once before in my life made an attack upon me, and

before the police came up, I got a blow in the face. Now you know all about it."

At that moment dinner was announced. "Will you give Lady Amelia your arm?" said the husband.

"It's a very sad occurrence," said Lady Amelia with a slight toss of her head, "and, I'm afraid, will cost my sister a great deal of vexation."

"You agree with De Courcy, do you, that aunt Dina won't like me with an ugly black eye?"

"I really don't think it's a joking matter," said the Lady Amelia. And then there was nothing more said about it during the dinner.

There was nothing more said about it during the dinner, but it was plain enough from Lady Amelia's countenance that she was not very well pleased with her future brother-in-law's conduct. She was very hospitable to him, pressing him to eat; but even in doing that she made repeated little references to his present unfortunate state. She told him that she did not think fried plum-pudding would be bad for him, but that she would recommend him not to drink port-wine after dinner. "By-the-by, Mortimer, you'd better have some claret up," she remarked. "Adolphus shouldn't take anything that is heating."

"Thank you," said Crosbie. "I'll have some brandy-and-water, if Gazebee will give it me."

"Brandy-and-water!" said Lady Amelia. Crosbie in truth was not given to the drinking of brandy-and-water; but he was prepared to call for raw gin, if he were driven much further by Lady Amelia's solicitude.

At these Sunday dinners the mistress of the house never went away into the drawing-room, and the tea was always brought into them at the table on which they had dined. It was another little step towards keeping holy the first day of the week. When Lady Rosina was there, she was indulged with the sight of six or seven solid good books which were laid upon the mahogany as soon as the bottles were taken off it. At her first prolonged visit she had obtained for herself the privilege of reading a sermon; but as on such occasions both Lady Amelia and Mr. Gazebee would go to sleep,—and as the footman had also once shown a tendency that way,—the sermon had been abandoned. But the master of the house, on these evenings, when his sister-in-law was present, was doomed to sit in idleness, or else to find solace in one of the solid good books. But Lady Rosina just now was in the country, and therefore the table was left unfurnished.

"And what am I to say to my mother?" said Lady Amelia, when they were alone.

"Give her my kindest regards," said Crosbie. It was quite clear, both to the husband and to the wife, that he was preparing himself for rebellion against authority.

For some ten minutes there was nothing said. Crosbie amused himself by playing with the boy whom he called Dicksey, by way of a nickname for De Courcy.

"Mamma, he calls me Dicksey. Am I Dicksey? I'll call 'oo old Cross, and then aunt Dina on't like 'oo."

"I wish you would not call the child nicknames, Adolphus. It seems as though you would wish to cast a slur upon the one which he bears."

"I should hardly think that he would feel disposed to do that," said Mr. Gazebee.

"Hardly, indeed," said Crosbie.

"It has never yet been disgraced in the annals of our country by being made into a nickname," said the proud daughter of the house. She was probably unaware that among many of his associates her father had been called Lord De Curse'ye, from the occasional energy of his language. "And any such attempt is painful in my ears. I think something of my family, I can assure you, Adolphus, and so does my husband."

"A very great deal," said Mr. Gazebee.

"So do I of mine," said Crosbie. "That's natural to all of us. One of my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. I think he was one of the assistant cooks in the king's tent."

"A cook!" said young De Courcy.

"Yes, my boy, a cook. That was the way most of our old families were made noble. They were cooks, or butlers to the kings,—or sometimes something worse."

"But your family isn't noble?"

"No;—I'll tell you how that was. The king wanted this cook to poison half-a-dozen of his officers who wished to have a way of their own; but the cook said, 'No, my Lord King; I am a cook, not an executioner.' So they sent him into the scullery, and when they called all the other servants barons and lords, they only called him Cookey. They've changed the name to Crosbie since that, by degrees."

Mr. Gazebee was awestruck, and the face of the Lady Amelia became very dark. Was it not evident that this snake, when taken into their innermost bosoms that they might there warm him, was becoming an adder, and preparing to sting them? There was very little more conversation that evening, and soon after the story of the cook, Crosbie got up and went away to his own home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

JOHN EAMES had reached his office precisely at twelve o'clock, but when he did so he hardly knew whether he was standing on his heels or his head. The whole morning had been to him one of intense excitement, and latterly, to a certain extent, one of triumph. But he did not at all

know what might be the results. Would he be taken before a magistrate and locked up? Would there be a row at the office? Would Crosbie call him out, and, if so, would it be incumbent on him to fight a duel with pistols? What would Lord De Guest say,—Lord De Guest, who had specially warned him not to take upon himself the duty of avenging Lily's wrongs? What would all the Dale family say of his conduct? And, above all, what would Lily say and think? Nevertheless, the feeling of triumph was predominant; and now, at this interval of time, he was beginning to remember with pleasure the sensation of his fist as it went into Crosbie's eye.

During his first day at the office he heard nothing about the affair, nor did he say a word of it to any one. It was known in his room that he had gone down to spend his Christmas holiday with Lord De Guest, and he was treated with some increased consideration accordingly. And, moreover, I must explain, in order that I may give Johnny Eames his due, he was gradually acquiring for himself a good footing among the income-tax officials. He knew his work, and did it with some manly confidence in his own powers, and also with some manly indifference to the occasional frowns of the mighty men of the department. He was, moreover, popular,—being somewhat of a radical in his official demeanour, and holding by his own rights, even though mighty men should frown. In truth, he was emerging from his hobbledehoyhood and entering upon his young-manhood, having probably to go through much folly and some false sentiment in that period of his existence, but still with fair promise of true manliness beyond, to those who were able to read the signs of his character.

Many questions on that first day were asked him about the glories of his Christmas, but he had very little to say on the subject. Indeed nothing could have been much more commonplace than his Christmas visit, had it not been for the one great object which had taken him down to that part of the country, and for the circumstance with which his holiday had been ended. On neither of these subjects was he disposed to speak openly; but as he walked home to Burton Crescent with Cradell, he did tell him of the affair with Crosbie.

"And you went in at him on the station?" asked Cradell, with admiring doubt.

"Yes, I did. If I didn't do it there, where was I to do it? I'd said I would, and therefore when I saw him I did it." Then the whole affair was told as to the black eye, the police, and the superintendent. "And what's to come next?" asked our hero.

"Well, he'll put it in the hands of a friend, of course; as I did with Fisher in that affair with Lupex. And, upon my word, Johnny, I shall have to do something of the kind again. His conduct last night was outrageous; would you believe it——"

"Oh, he's a fool."

"He's a fool you wouldn't like to meet when he's in, one of his mad

fits, I can tell you that. I absolutely had to sit up in my own bedroom all last night. Mother Roper told me that if I remained in the drawing-room she would feel herself obliged to have a policeman in the house. What could I do, you know? I made her have a fire for me, of course."

"And then you went to bed."

"I waited ever so long, because I thought that Maria would want to see me. At last she sent me a note. Maria is so imprudent, you know. If he had found anything in her writing, it would have been terrible, you know,—quite terrible. And who can say whether *Jemima* mayn't tell?"

"And what did she say?"

"Come; that's tellings, Master Johnny. I took very good care to take it with me to the office this morning, for fear of accidents."

But Eames was not so widely awake to the importance of his friend's adventures as he might have been had he not been weighted with adventures of his own.

"I shouldn't care so much," said he, "about that fellow, *Crosbie*, going to a friend, as I should about his going to a police magistrate."

"He'll put it in a friend's hands, of course," said *Cradell*, with the air of a man who from experience was well up in such matters. "And I suppose you'll naturally come to me. It's a deuced bore to a man in a public office, and all that kind of thing, of course. But I'm not the man to desert my friend. I'll stand by you, Johnny, my boy."

"Oh, thank you," said Eames, "I don't think that I shall want that."

"You must be ready with a friend, you know."

"I should write down to a man I know in the country, and ask his advice," said Eames; "an older sort of friend, you know."

"By Jove, old fellow, take care what you're about. Don't let them say of you that you show the white feather. Upon my honour, I'd sooner have anything said of me than that. I would, indeed,—anything."

"I'm not afraid of that," said Eames, with a touch of scorn in his voice. "There isn't much thought about white feathers now-a-days,—not in the way of fighting duels."

After that, *Cradell* managed to carry back the conversation to *Mrs. Lupex* and his own peculiar position, and as Eames did not care to ask from his companion further advice in his own matters, he listened nearly in silence till they reached *Burton Crescent*.

"I hope you found the noble earl well," said *Mrs. Roper* to him, as soon as they were all seated at dinner.

"I found the noble earl pretty well, thank you," said Johnny.

It had become plainly understood by all the *Roperites* that Eames' position was quite altered since he had been honoured with the friendship of *Lord De Guest*. *Mrs. Lupex*, next to whom he always sat at dinner, with a view to protecting her as it were from the dangerous neighbourhood of *Cradell*, treated him with a marked courtesy. *Miss Spruce* always called him "sir." *Mrs. Roper* helped him the first of the gentlemen, and was mindful about his fat and gravy, and *Amelia* felt less able

than she was before to insist upon the possession of his heart and affections. It must not be supposed that Amelia intended to abandon the fight, and allow the enemy to walk off with his forces; but she felt herself constrained to treat him with a deference that was hardly compatible with the perfect equality which should attend any union of hearts.

"It is such a privilege to be on visiting terms with the nobility," said Mrs. Lupex. "When I was a girl, I used to be very intimate——"

"You ain't a girl any longer, and so you'd better not talk about it," said Lupex. Mr. Lupex had been at that little shop in Drury Lane after he came down from his scene-painting.

"My dear, you needn't be a brute to me before all Mrs. Roper's company. If, led away by feelings which I will not now describe, I left my proper circles in marrying you, you need not before all the world teach me how much I have to regret." And Mrs. Lupex, putting down her knife and fork, applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"That's pleasant for a man over his meals, isn't it?" said Lupex, appealing to Miss Spruce. "I have plenty of that kind of thing, and you can't think how I like it."

"Them whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder," said Miss Spruce. "As for me myself, I'm only an old woman."

This little ebullition threw a gloom over the dinner-table, and nothing more was said on the occasion as to the glories of Eames' career. But, in the course of the evening, Amelia heard of the encounter which had taken place at the railway station, and at once perceived that she might use the occasion for her own purposes.

"John," she whispered to her victim, finding an opportunity for coming upon him when almost alone, "what is this I hear? I insist upon knowing. Are you going to fight a duel?"

"Nonsense," said Johnny.

"But it is not nonsense. You don't know what my feelings will be, if I think that such a thing is going to happen. But then you are so hard-hearted!"

"I ain't hard-hearted a bit, and I'm not going to fight a duel."

"But is it true that you beat Mr. Crosbie at the station?"

"It is true. I did beat him."

"Oh, John! not that I mean to say you were wrong, and indeed I honour you for the feeling. There can be nothing so dreadful as a young man's deceiving a young woman and leaving her after he has won her heart,—particularly when she has had his promise in plain words, or, perhaps, even in black and white." John thought of that horrid, foolish, wretched note which he had written. "And a poor girl, if she can't right herself by a breach of promise, doesn't know what to do. Does she, John?"

"A girl who'd right herself that way wouldn't be worth having."

"I don't know about that. When a poor girl is in such a position, she has to be said by her friends. I suppose, then, Miss Lily Dale won't bring a breach of promise against him."

This mention of Lily's name in such a place was sacrilege in the ears of poor Eames. "I cannot tell," said he, "what may be the intention of the lady of whom you speak. But from what I know of her friends, I should not think that she will be disgraced by such a proceeding."

"That may be all very well for Miss Lily Dale——" Amelia said, and then she hesitated. It would not be well, she thought, absolutely to threaten him as yet,—not as long as there was any possibility that he might be won without a threat. "Of course I know all about it," she continued. "She was your L. D., you know. Not that I was ever jealous of her. To you she was no more than one of childhood's friends. Was she, Johnny?"

He stamped his foot upon the floor, and then jumped up from his seat. "I hate all that sort of twaddle about childhood's friends, and you know I do. You'll make me swear that I'll never come into this room again."

"Johnny!"

"So I will. The whole thing makes me sick. And as for that Mrs. Lupex——"

"If this is what you learn, John, by going to a lord's house, I think you had better stay at home with your own friends."

"Of course I had;—much better stay at home with my own friends. Here's Mrs. Lupex, and at any rate I can't stand her." So he went off, and walked round the Crescent, and down to the New Road, and almost into the Regent's Park, thinking of Lily Dale and of his own cowardice with Amelia Roper.

On the following morning he received a message, at about one o'clock, by the mouth of the Board-room messenger, informing him that his presence was required in the Board-room. "Sir Raffle Buffle has desired your presence, Mr. Eames."

"My presence, Tupper! what for?" said Johnny, turning upon the messenger almost with dismay.

"Indeed I can't say, Mr. Eames; but Sir Raffle Buffle has desired your presence in the Board-room."

Such a message as that in official life always strikes awe into the heart of a young man. And yet, young men generally come forth from such interviews without having received any serious damage, and generally talk about the old gentlemen whom they have encountered with a good deal of light-spirited sarcasm,—or chaff, as it is called in the slang phraseology of the day. It is that same 'majesty which doth hedge a king' that does it. The turkey-cock in his own farmyard is master of the occasion, and the thought of him creates fear. A bishop in his lawn, a judge on the bench, a chairman in a big room at the end of a long table, or a policeman with his bull's-eye lamp upon his beat, can all make themselves terrible by means of those appanages of majesty which have been vouchsafed to them. But how mean is the policeman in his own home, and how few thought much of Sir Raffle Buffle as he sat asleep after dinner in his old slippers! How well can I remember the terror

created within me by the air of outraged dignity with which a certain fine old gentleman, now long since gone, could rub his hands slowly, one on the other, and look up to the ceiling, slightly shaking his head, as though lost in the contemplation of my iniquities! I would become sick in my stomach, and feel as though my ankles had been broken. That upward turn of the eye unmanned me so completely that I was speechless as regarded any defence. I think that that old man could hardly have known the extent of his own power.

Once upon a time a careless lad, having the charge of a bundle of letters addressed to the King,—petitions and such like, which in the course of business would not get beyond the hands of some lord-in-waiting's deputy assistant,—sent the bag which contained them to the wrong place; to Windsor, perhaps, if the Court were in London; or to St. James's, if it were at Windsor. He was summoned; and the great man of the occasion contented himself with holding his hands up to the heavens as he stood up from his chair, and exclaiming twice, "Mis-sent the Monarch's pouch! Mis-sent the Monarch's pouch!" That young man never knew how he escaped from the Board-room; but for a time he was deprived of all power of exertion, and could not resume his work till he had had six months' leave of absence, and been brought round upon rum and asses' milk. In that instance the peculiar use of the word Monarch had a power which the official magnate had never contemplated. The story is traditional; but I believe that the circumstance happened as lately as in the days of George the Third.

John Eames could laugh at the present chairman of the Income-tax Office with great freedom, and call him old Huffle Scuffle, and the like; but now that he was sent for, he also, in spite of his radical propensities, felt a little weak about his ankle joints. He knew, from the first hearing of the message, that he was wanted with reference to that affair at the railway station. Perhaps there might be a rule that any clerk should be dismissed who used his fists in any public place. There were many rules entailing the punishment of dismissal for many offences,—and he began to think that he did remember something of such a regulation. However, he got up, looked once around him upon his friends, and then followed Tupper into the Board-room.

"There's Johnny been sent for by old Scuffles," said one clerk.

"That's about his row with Crosbie," said another. "The Board can't do anything to him for that."

"Can't it?" said the first. "Didn't young Outonites have to resign because of that row at the Cider Cellars, though his cousin, Sir Constant Outonites, did all that he could for him?"

"But he was regularly up the spout with accommodation bills."

"I tell you that I wouldn't be in Eames' shoes for a trifle. Crosbie is secretary at the Committee Office, where Scuffles was chairman before he came here; and of course they're as thick as thieves. I shouldn't wonder if they didn't make him go down and apologize."

"Johnny won't do that," said the other.

In the meantime John Eames was standing in the august presence. Sir Raffle Buffle was throned in his great oak arm-chair at the head of a long table in a very large room; and by him, at the corner of the table, was seated one of the assistant secretaries of the office. Another member of the Board was also at work upon the long table; but he was reading and signing papers at some distance from Sir Raffle, and paid no heed whatever to the scene. The assistant secretary, looking on, could see that Sir Raffle was annoyed by this want of attention on the part of his colleague, but all this was lost upon Eames.

"Mr. Eames?" said Sir Raffle, speaking with a peculiarly harsh voice, and looking at the culprit through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, which he perched for the occasion upon his big nose. "Isn't that Mr. Eames?"

"Yes," said the assistant secretary, "this is Eames."

"Ah!"—and then there was a pause. "Come a little nearer, Mr. Eames, will you?" and Johnny drew nearer, advancing noiselessly over the Turkey carpet.

"Let me see; in the second class, isn't he? Ah! Do you know, Mr. Eames, that I have received a letter from the secretary to the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company, detailing circumstances which,—if truly stated in that letter,—redound very much to your discredit?"

"I did get into a row there yesterday, sir."

"Got into a row! It seems to me that you have got into a very serious row, and that I must tell the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company that the law must be allowed to take its course."

"I shan't mind that, sir, in the least," said Eames, brightening up a little under this view of the case.

"Not mind that, sir!" said Sir Raffle;—or rather, he shouted out the words at the offender before him. I am inclined to think that he overdid it, missing the effect which a milder tone might have attained. Perhaps there was lacking to him some of that majesty of demeanour and dramatic propriety of voice which had been so efficacious in the little story as to the King's bag of letters. As it was, Johnny gave a slight jump, but after his jump he felt better than he had been before. "Not mind, sir, being dragged before the criminal tribunals of your country, and being punished as a felon,—or rather as a misdemeanour,—for an outrage committed on a public platform! Not mind it! What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, that I don't think the magistrate would say very much about it, sir. And I don't think Mr. Crosbie would come forward."

"But Mr. Crosbie must come forward, young man. Do you suppose that an outrage against the peace of the Metropolis is to go unpunished because he may not wish to pursue the matter? I'm afraid you must be very ignorant, young man."

"Perhaps I am," said Johnny.

"Very ignorant indeed,—very ignorant indeed. And are you aware,

sir, that it would become a question with the Commissioners of this Board whether you could be retained in the service of this department if you were publicly punished by a police magistrate for such a disgraceful outrage as that."

Johnny looked round at the other Commissioner, but that gentleman did not raise his face from his papers.

"Mr. Eames is a very good clerk," whispered the assistant secretary, but in a voice which made his words audible to Eames; "one of the best young men we have," he added, in a voice which was not audible.

"Oh,—ah; very well. Now, I'll tell you what, Mr. Eames, I hope this will be a lesson to you,—a very serious lesson."

The assistant secretary, leaning back in his chair so as to be a little behind the head of Sir Raffle, did manage to catch the eye of the other Commissioner. The other Commissioner, barely looking round, smiled a little, and then the assistant secretary smiled also. Eames saw this, and he smiled too.

"Whether any ulterior consequences may still await the breach of the peace of which you have been guilty, I am not yet prepared to say," continued Sir Raffle. "You may go now."

And Johnny returned to his own place, with no increased reverence for the dignity of the chairman.

On the following morning one of his colleagues showed him with great glee the passage in the newspaper which informed the world that he had been so desperately beaten by Crosbie that he was obliged to keep his bed at this present time in consequence of the flogging that he had received. Then his anger was aroused, and he bounced about the big room of the Income-tax Office, regardless of assistant secretaries, head clerks, and all other official grandees whatsoever, denouncing the iniquities of the public press, and declaring his opinion that it would be better to live in Russia than in a country which allowed such audacious falsehoods to be propagated.

"He never touched me, Fisher; I don't think he ever tried; but, upon my honour, he never touched me."

"But, Johnny, it was bold in you to make up to Lord De Coureys's daughter," said Fisher.

"I never saw one of them in my life."

"He's going it altogether among the aristocracy, now," said another; "I suppose you wouldn't look at anybody under a viscount?"

"Can I help what that thief of an editor puts into his paper? Flogged! Huffle Scuffle told me I was a felon, but that wasn't half so bad as this felling;" and Johnny kicked the newspaper across the room.

"Indite him for a libel," said Fisher.

"Particularly for saying you wanted to marry a countess's daughter," said another clerk.

"I never heard such a scandal in my life," declared a third; "and then to say that the girl wouldn't look at you."

But not the less was it felt by all in the office that Johnny Eames was becoming a leading man among them, and that he was one with whom each of them would be pleased to be intimate. And even among the grandees this affair of the railway station did him no real harm. It was known that Crosbie had deserved to be thrashed, and known that Eames had thrashed him. It was all very well for Sir Raffle Buffle to talk of police magistrates and misdemeanors, but all the world at the Income-tax Office knew very well that Eames had come out from that affair with his head upright, and his right foot foremost.

"Never mind about the newspaper," a thoughtful old senior clerk said to him. "As he did get the licking and you didn't, you can afford to laugh at the newspaper."

"And you wouldn't write to the editor?"

"No, no; certainly not. No one thinks of defending himself to a newspaper except an ass;—unless it be some fellow who wants to have his name puffed. You may write what's as true as the gospel, but they'll know how to make fun of it."

Johnny therefore gave up his idea of an indignant letter to the editor, but he felt that he was bound to give some explanation of the whole matter to Lord De Guest. The affair had happened as he was coming from the earl's house, and all his own concerns had now been made so much a matter of interest to his kind friend, that he thought that he could not with propriety leave the earl to learn from the newspapers either the facts or the falsehoods. And, therefore, before he left his office he wrote the following letter:—

Income-Tax Office, December 29, 186—.

MY LORD,—

He thought a good deal about the style in which he ought to address the peer, never having hitherto written to him. He began, "My dear Lord," on one sheet of paper, and then put it aside, thinking that it looked over-bold.

MY LORD,—

As you have been so very kind to me, I feel that I ought to tell you what happened the other morning at the railway station, as I was coming back from Guest-wick. That scoundrel Crosbie got into the same carriage with me at the Barchester Junction, and sat opposite to me all the way up to London. I did not speak a word to him, or he to me; but when he got out at the Paddington Station, I thought I ought not to let him go away, so I—— I can't say that I thrashed him as I wished to do; but I made an attempt, and I did give him a black eye. A whole quantity of policemen got round us, and I hadn't a fair chance. I know you will think that I was wrong, and perhaps I was; but what could I do when he sat opposite to me there for two hours, looking as though he thought himself the finest fellow in all London?

They've put a horrible paragraph into one of the newspapers, saying that I got so "flogged" that I haven't been able to stir since. It is an atrocious falsehood, as is all the rest of the newspaper account. I was not touched. He was not nearly so bad a customer as the bull, and seemed to take it all very quietly. I must acknowledge, though, that he didn't get such a beating as he deserved.

Your friend Sir R. B. sent for me this morning, and told me I was a felon. I

didn't seem to care much for that, for he might as well have called me a murderer or a burglar; but I shall care very much indeed if I have made you angry with me. But what I most fear is the anger of some one else,—at Allington.

Believe me to be, my Lord,

Yours very much obliged and most sincerely,

JOHN EAMES.

"I knew he'd do it if ever he got the opportunity," said the earl when he had read his letter; and he walked about his room striking his hands together, and then thrusting his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets. "I knew he was made of the right stuff," and the earl rejoiced greatly in the prowess of his favourite. "I'd have done it myself if I'd seen him. I do believe I would." Then he went back to the breakfast-room and told Lady Julia. "What do you think?" said he; "Johnny Eames has come across Crosbie, and given him a desperate beating."

"No!" said Lady Julia, putting down her newspaper and spectacles, and expressing by the light of her eyes anything but Christian horror at the wickedness of the deed.

"But he has, though. I knew he would if he saw him."

"Beaten him! Actually beaten him!"

"Sent him home to Lady Alexandrina with two black eyes."

"Two black eyes! What a young pickle! But did he get hurt himself?"

"Not a scratch, he says."

"And what'll they do to him?"

"Nothing. Crosbie won't be fool enough to do anything. A man becomes an outlaw when he plays such a game as he has played. Anybody's hand may be raised against him with impunity. He can't show his face, you know. He can't come forward and answer questions as to what he has done. There are offences which the law can't touch, but which outrage public feeling so strongly that any one may take upon himself the duty of punishing them. He has been thrashed, and that will stick to him till he dies."

"Do tell Johnny from me that I hope he didn't get hurt," said Lady Julia. The old lady could not absolutely congratulate him on his feat of arms, but she did the next thing to it.

But the earl did congratulate him, with a full open assurance of his approval.

"I hope," he said, "I should have done the same at your age, under similar circumstances, and I'm very glad that he proved less difficult than the bull. I'm quite sure you didn't want any one to help you with Master Crosbie. As for that other person at Allington, if I understand such matters at all, I think she will forgive you." It may, however, be a question whether the earl did understand such matters at all. And then he added, in a postscript: "When you write to me again,—and don't be long first, begin your letter, 'My dear Lord De Guest,'—that is the proper way."

Heinrich Heine.

"I know not if I deserve that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword: for I was a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

Heine had his full share of love of fame, and cared quite as much as his brethren of the *genus irritabile* whether people praised his verses or blamed them. And he was very little of a hero. Posterity will certainly decorate his tomb with the emblem of the laurel rather than with the emblem of the sword. Still, for his contemporaries, for us, for the Europe of the present century, he is significant chiefly for the reason which he himself in the words just quoted assigns. He is significant because he was, if not pre-eminently a brave, yet a brilliant, a most effective soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.

To ascertain the master current in the literature of an epoch, and to distinguish this from all minor currents, is the critic's highest function; in discharging it he shows how far he possesses the most indispensable quality of his office—justness of spirit. The living writer who has done most to make England acquainted with German authors, a man of genius, but to whom precisely this one quality of justness of spirit is perhaps wanting,—I mean Mr. Carlyle,—seems to me in the result of his labours on German literature to afford a proof how very necessary to the critic this quality is. Mr. Carlyle has spoken admirably of Goethe; but then Goethe stands before all men's eyes, the manifest centre of German literature; and from this central source many rivers flow. Which of these rivers is the main stream? which of the courses of spirit which we see active in Goethe is the course which will most influence the future, and attract and be continued by the most powerful of Goethe's successors?—that is the question. Mr. Carlyle attaches, it seems to me, far too much importance to the romantic school of Germany—Tieck, Novalis, Jean Paul Richter,—and gives to these writers, really gifted as two, at any rate, of them are, an undue prominence. These writers, and others with aims and a general tendency the same as theirs, are not the real inheritors and continuators of Goethe's power; the current of their activity is not the main current of German literature after Goethe. Far more in Heine's works flows this main current; Heine, far more than Tieck or Jean Paul Richter, is the continuator of that which, in Goethe's varied activity, is the most powerful and vital; on Heine, of all German authors who

survived Goethe, incomparably the largest portion of Goethe's mantle fell. I do not forget that when Mr. Carlyle was dealing with German literature, Heine, though he was clearly risen above the horizon, had not shone forth with all his strength; I do not forget, too, that after ten or twenty years many things may come out plain before the critic which before were hard to be discerned by him; and assuredly no one would dream of imputing it as a fault to Mr. Carlyle that twenty years ago he mistook the central current in German literature, overlooked the rising Heine, and attached undue importance to that romantic school which Heine was to destroy; one may rather note it as a misfortune, sent perhaps as a delicate chastisement to a critic, who—man of genius as he is, and no one recognizes his genius more admiringly than I do—has, for the functions of the critic, a little too much of the self-will and eccentricity of a genuine son of Great Britain.

Heine is noteworthy, because he is the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity. And which of Goethe's lines of activity is this? His line of activity as "a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

Heine himself would hardly have admitted this affiliation, though he was far too powerful-minded a man to decry, with some of the vulgar German liberals, Goethe's genius. "The wind of the Paris Revolution," he writes after the three days of 1830, "blew about the candles a little in the dark night of Germany, so that the red curtains of a German throne or two caught fire; but the old watchmen, who do the police of the German kingdoms, are already bringing out the fire-engines, and will keep the candles closer snuffed for the future. Poor, fast-bound German people, lose not all heart in thy bonds! The fashionable coating of ice melts off from my heart, my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is a disadvantageous state of things for a writer, who should control his subject-matter and keep himself beautifully objective, as the artistic school would have us, and as Goethe has done; he has come to be eighty years old doing this, and minister, and in good condition—poor German people! that is thy greatest man!"

But hear Goethe himself: "If I were to say what I had really been to the Germans in general, and to the young German poets in particular, I should say I had been their *Liberator*."

Modern times find themselves with an immense system of institutions, established facts, accredited dogmas, customs, rules, which have come to them from times not modern. In this system their life has to be carried forward, yet they have a sense that this system is not of their own creation, that it by no means corresponds exactly with the wants of their actual life, that, for them, it is customary, not rational. The awakening of this sense is the awakening of the modern spirit. The modern spirit is now awake almost everywhere; the sense of want of correspondence between the forms of modern Europe and its spirit, between the new wine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the old bottles of

the eleventh and twelfth centuries, or even of the sixteenth and seventeenth, almost every one now perceives; it is no longer dangerous to affirm that this want of correspondence exists; people are even beginning to be shy of denying it. To remove this want of correspondence is beginning to be the settled endeavour of most persons of good sense. Dissolvents of the old European system of dominant ideas and facts we must all be, all of us who have any power of working; what we have to study is that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it.

And how did Goethe, that grand dissolvent in an age when there were fewer of them than at present, proceed in his task of dissolution, of liberation of the modern European from the old routine? He shall tell us himself. "Through me the German poets have become aware that, as man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality. I can clearly mark where this influence of mine has made itself felt; there arises out of it a kind of poetry of Nature, and only in this way is it possible to be original."

My voice shall never be joined to those which decry Goethe, and if it is said that the foregoing is a lame and impotent conclusion to Goethe's declaration that he had been the liberator of the Germans in general, and of the young German poets in particular, I say it is not. Goethe's profound, imperturbable naturalism is absolutely fatal to all routine thinking; he puts the standard, once for all, inside every man instead of outside him; when he is told, such a thing must be so, there is immense authority and custom in favour of its being so, it has been held to be so for a thousand years, he answers with Olympian politeness, "*But is it so? is it so to me?*" Nothing could be more really subversive of the foundations on which the old European order rested; and it may be remarked that no persons are so radically detached from this order, no persons so thoroughly modern, as those who have felt Goethe's influence most deeply. If it is said that Goethe professes to have in this way deeply influenced but a few persons, and those persons poets, one may answer that he could have taken no better way to secure, in the end, the ear of the world; for poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance. Nevertheless the process of liberation, as Goethe worked it, though sure, is undoubtedly slow; he came, as Heine says, to be eighty years old in thus working it, and at the end of that time the old Middle-Age machine was still creaking on, the thirty German courts and their chamberlains subsisted in all their glory; Goethe himself was a minister, and the visible triumph of the modern spirit over prescription and routine seemed as far off as ever. It was the year 1830; the German sovereigns had passed the preceding fifteen years in breaking the promises of freedom they had made to their subjects when they wanted their help in the final struggle with Napoleon. Great events were happening in France; the revolution, defeated in 1815, had arisen from its defeat, and was wrestling

from its adversaries the power. Heinrich Heine, a young man of genius, born at Hamburg, and with all the culture of Germany, but by race a Jew; with warm sympathies for France, whose revolution had given to his race the rights of citizenship, and whose rule had been, as is well known, popular in the Rhine provinces, where he passed his youth; with a passionate admiration for the great French Emperor, with a passionate contempt for the sovereigns who had overthrown him, for their agents, and for their policy—Heinrich Heine was in 1830 in no humour for any such gradual process of liberation from the old order of things as that which Goethe had followed. His counsel was for open war. With that terrible modern weapon, the pen, in his hand, he passed the remainder of his life in one fierce battle. What was that battle? the reader will ask. It was a life and death battle with Philistinism.

Philistinism—we have not the expression in English. Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the thing. At Soli, I imagine, they did not talk of solecisms; and here, at the very headquarters of Goliath, nobody talks of Philistinism. The French have adopted the term *épicier*, grocer, to designate the sort of being whom the Germans designate by the term *Philistine*; but the French term—besides that it casts a slur upon a respectable class, composed of living and susceptible members, while the original Philistines are dead and buried long ago—is really, I think, in itself much less apt and expressive than the German term. Efforts have been made to obtain in English some term equivalent to *Philister* or *épicier*; Mr. Carlyle has made several such efforts: “respectability with its thousand gigs,” he says;—well, the occupant of every one of those gigs is, Mr. Carlyle means, a Philistine. However, the word *respectable* is far too valuable a word to be thus perverted from its proper meaning; if the English are ever to have a word for the thing we are speaking of—and so prodigious are the changes which the modern spirit is introducing, that even we English shall perhaps one day come to want such a word—I think we had much better take the term *Philistine* itself.

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodellers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom, the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves, with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers, as a chosen people, as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, enemies to the light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong. This explains the love which Heine, that Paladin of the modern spirit, has for France; it explains the preference which he gives to France over Germany: “the French,” he says, “are the chosen people of the new religion, its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan

which divides the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines." He means that the French, as a people, have shown more accessibility to ideas than any other people; that prescription and routine have had less hold upon them than upon any other people; that they have shown most readiness to move and to alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason. This explains, too, the detestation which Heine had for the English: "I might settle in England," he says in his exile, "if it were not that I should find there two things, coal-smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either." What he hated in the English was the "ächt-britische Beschränktheit," as he calls it—the *genuine British narrowness*. In truth, the English, profoundly as they have modified the old Middle-Age order, great as is the liberty which they have secured for themselves, have in all their changes proceeded, to use a familiar expression, by the rule of thumb; what was intolerably inconvenient to them they have suppressed, and as they have suppressed it not because it was irrational, but because it was practically inconvenient, they have seldom in suppressing it appealed to reason, but always, if possible, to some precedent, or form, or letter, which served as a convenient instrument for their purpose, and which saved them from the necessity of recurring to general principles. They have thus become, in a certain sense, of all people the most inaccessible to ideas, and the most impatient of them; inaccessible to them because of their want of familiarity with them, and impatient of them because they have got on so well without them, that they despise those who, not having got on so well as themselves, still make a fuss for what they themselves have done so well without. But there has certainly followed from hence, in this country, somewhat of a general depression of pure intelligence: Philistia has come to be thought by us the true Land of Promise, and it is anything but that; the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel, in this country, that the sky over his head is of brass and iron. The enthusiast for the idea, for reason, values reason, the idea, in and for themselves; he values them, irrespectively of the practical conveniences which their triumph may obtain for him; and the man who regards the possession of these practical conveniences as something sufficient in itself, something which compensates for the absence or surrender of the idea, of reason, is, in his eyes, a Philistine. This is why Heine so often and so mercilessly attacks the liberals; much as he hates conservatism he hates Philistinism even more, and whoever attacks conservatism itself ignobly, not as a child of light, not in the name of the idea, is a Philistine. Our Cobbett is thus for him, much as he disliked our clergy and aristocracy whom Cobbett attacked, a Philistine with six fingers on every hand, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number: a Philistine, the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam. Thus he speaks of him:—

While I translate Cobbett's words, the man himself comes bodily before my mind's eye, as I saw him at that uproarious dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with his scolding red face and his radical laugh, in which venomous hate mingles with a

mocking exultation at his enemies' surely approaching downfall. He is a chained cur, who falls with equal fury on every one whom he does not know, often bites the best friend of the house in his calves, barks incessantly, and just because of this incessantness of his barking cannot get listened to, even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore, the distinguished thieves who plunder England do not think it necessary to throw the growling Cobbett a bone to stop his mouth. This makes the dog furiously savage, and he shows all his hungry teeth. Poor old Cobbett! England's dog! I have no love for thee: for every vulgar nature my soul abhors; but thou touchest me to the inmost soul with pity, as I see how thou strainest in vain to break loose and to get at those thieves, who make off with their booty before thy very eyes, and mock at thy fruitless springs and thine impotent howling.

But, in 1830, Heine very soon found that the fire-engines of the German governments were too much for his direct efforts at incendiarism. "What demon drove me," he cries, "to write my *Reisebilder*, to edit a newspaper, to plague myself with our time and its interests, to try and shake the poor German Hodge out of his thousand years' sleep in his hole? What good did I get by it? Hodge opened his eyes, only to shut them again immediately; he yawned, only to begin snoring again the next minute louder than ever; he stretched his stiff ungainly limbs, only to sink down again directly afterwards, and lie like a dead man in the old bed of his accustomed habits. I must have rest; but where am I to find a resting-place? In Germany I can no longer stay."

This is Heine's jesting account of his own efforts to rouse Germany: now for his pathetic account of them; it is because he unites so much wit with so much pathos that he is so effective a writer:—

The Emperor Charles the Fifth sate in sore straits, in the Tyrol, encompassed by his enemies. All his knights and courtiers had forsaken him; not one came to his help. I know not if he had at that time the cheese face with which Holbein has painted him for us. But I am sure that under-lip of his, with its contempt for mankind, stuck out even more than it does in his portraits. How could he but condemn the tribe which in the sunshine of his prosperity had fawned on him so devotedly, and now, in his dark distress, left him all alone? Then suddenly his door opened, and there came in a man in disguise, and, as he threw back his cloak, the Kaiser recognized in him his faithful Conrad von der Rosen, the court jester. This man brought him comfort and counsel, and he was the court jester!

O German fatherland! dear German people! I am thy Conrad von der Rosen. The man whose proper business was to amuse thee, and who in good times should have catered only for thy mirth, makes his way into thy prison in time of need; here under my cloak, I bring thee thy sceptre and crown; dost thou not recognize me, my Kaiser? If I cannot free thee, I will at least comfort thee, and thou shalt at least have one with thee who will prattle with thee about thy sorest affliction, and whisper courage to thee, and love thee, and whose best joke and best blood shall be at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true Kaiser, the true lord of the land; thy will is sovereign, and more legitimate far than that purple *Tel est notre plaisir*, which invokes a divine right with no better warrant than the anointings of shaven and shorn jugglers; thy will, my people, is the sole rightful source of power. Though now thou liest down in thy bonds, yet in the end will thy rightful cause prevail; the day of deliverance is at hand, a new time is beginning. My Kaiser, the night is over, and out there glows the ruddy dawn.

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou art mistaken; perhaps thou takest a headsmen's gleaming axe for the sun, and the red of dawn is only blood."

"No, my Kaiser, it is the sun, though it is rising in the west ; these six thousand years it has always risen in the east ; it is high time there should come a change."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou hast lost the bells out of thy red cap, and it has now such an odd look, that red cap of thine !"

"Ah, my Kaiser, thy distress has made me shake my head so hard and fierce, that the fool's bells have dropped off my cap ; the cap is none the worse for that."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, what is that noise of breaking and cracking outside there ?"

"Hush ! that is the saw and the carpenter's axe, and soon the doors of thy prison will be burst open, and thou wilt be free, my Kaiser !"

"Am I then really Kaiser ? Ah, I forgot, it is the fool who tells me so !"

"Oh, sigh not, my dear master, the air of thy prison makes thee so desponding : when once thou hast got thy rights again, thou wilt feel once more the bold imperial blood in thy veins, and thou wilt be proud like a Kaiser, and violent, and gracious, and unjust, and smiling, and ungrateful, as princes are."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, when I am free, what wilt thou do then ?"

"I will then sew new bells on to my cap."

"And how shall I recompense thy fidelity ?"

"Ah, dear master, by not leaving me to die in a ditch !"

I wish to mark Heine's place in modern European literature, the scope of his activity, and his value. I cannot attempt to give here a detailed account of his life, or a description of his separate works. In May, 1831, he went over his Jordan, the Rhine, and fixed himself in his new Jerusalem, Paris. There, thenceforward, he lived, going in general to some French watering-place in the summer, but making only one or two short visits to Germany during the rest of his life. His works, in verse and prose, succeeded each other without stopping ; a collected edition of them, filling seven closely-printed octavo volumes, has been published in America ; in the collected editions of few people's works is there so little to skip. Those who wish for a single good specimen of him should read his first important work, the work which made his reputation, the *Reisebilder*, or "Travelling Sketches ;" prose and verse, wit and seriousness, are mingled in it, and the mingling of these is characteristic of Heine, and is nowhere to be seen practised more naturally and happily than in his *Reisebilder*. In 1847 his health, which till then had always been perfectly good, gave way. He had a kind of paralytic stroke. His malady proved to be a softening of the spinal marrow : it was incurable ; it made rapid progress. In May, 1848, not a year after his first attack, he went out of doors for the last time ; but his disease took more than eight years to kill him. For nearly eight years he lay helpless on a couch, with the use of his limbs gone, wasted almost to the proportions of a child, wasted so that a woman could carry him about ; the sight of one eye lost, that of the other greatly dimmed, and requiring, that it might be exercised, to have the palsied eyelid lifted and held up by the finger ; all this, and suffering, besides this, at short intervals, paroxysms of nervous agony. I have said he was not pre-eminently brave ; but in the astonishing force of spirit with which he retained his activity of mind, even his gaiety, amid all this suffering,

and went on composing with undiminished fire to the last, he was truly brave. Nothing could clog that aerial lightness. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" his doctor asked him one day, when he was almost at his last gasp;—"siffler," as every one knows, has the double meaning of *to whistle* and *to hiss*:—"Hélas! non," was his whispered answer; "pas même une comédie de M. Scribe!" M. Scribe is, or was, the favourite dramatist of the French Philistine. "My nerves," he said to some one who asked him about them in 1855, the year of the Great Exhibition in Paris, "my nerves are of that quite singularly remarkable miserableness of nature, that I am convinced they would get at the Exhibition the grand medal for pain and misery." He read all the medical books which treated of his complaint. "But," said he to some one who found him thus engaged, "what good this reading is to do me I don't know, except that it will qualify me to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth about diseases of the spinal marrow." What a matter of grim seriousness are our own ailments to most of us! yet with this gaiety Heine treated his to the end. That end, so long in coming, came at last. Heine died on the 17th of February, 1856, at the age of fifty-eight. By his will he forbade that his remains should be transported to Germany. He lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, at Paris.

His direct political action was null, and this is neither to be wondered at nor regretted; direct political action is not the true function of literature, and Heine was a born man of letters. Even in his favourite France the turn taken by public affairs was not at all what he wished, though he read French politics by no means as we in England, most of us, read them. He thought things were tending there to the triumph of communism; and to a champion of the idea like Heine, what there is gross and narrow in communism was very repulsive. "It is all of no use," he cried on his death-bed, "the future belongs to our enemies, the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is their John the Baptist." "And yet"—he added with all his old love for that remarkable entity, so full of attraction for him, so profoundly unknown in England, the French people—"do not believe that God lets all this go forward merely as a grand comedy. Even though the Communists deny him to-day, he knows better than they do, that a time will come when they will learn to believe in him." After 1831 his hopes of soon upsetting the German governments had died away, and his propagandism took another, a more truly literary, character. It took the character of an intrepid application of the modern spirit to literature. To the ideas with which the burning questions of modern life filled him, he made all his subject-matter minister. He touched all the great points in the career of the human race, and here he but followed the tendency of the wide culture of Germany; but he touched them with a wand which brought them all under a light where the modern eye cares most to see them, and here he gave a lesson to the culture of Germany,—so wide, so impartial, that it is apt to become slack and powerless, and to lose itself in its materials for

want of a strong central idea round which to group all its ideas. So the mystic and romantic school of Germany lost itself in the Middle Ages, was overpowered by their influence, came to ruin by its vain dreams of renewing them. Heine, with a far profounder sense of the mystic and romantic charm of the Middle Age than Görres, or Brentano, or Arnim, Heine the chief romantic poet of Germany, is yet also much more than a romantic poet; he is a great modern poet, he is not conquered by the Middle Age, he has a talisman by which he can feel, along with but above the power of the fascinating Middle Age itself, the power of modern ideas.

A French critic of Heine thinks he has said enough in saying that Heine proclaimed in German countries, with beat of drum, the ideas of 1789, and that at the cheerful noise of his drum the ghosts of the Middle Age took to flight. But this is rather too French an account of the matter. Germany, that vast mine of ideas, had no need to import ideas, as such, from any foreign country; and if Heine had carried ideas, as such, from France into Germany, he would but have been carrying coals to Newcastle. But that for which France, far less meditative than Germany, is eminent, is the prompt, ardent, and practical application of an idea, when she seizes it, in all departments of human activity which admit it. And that in which Germany most fails, and by failing in which she appears so helpless and impotent, is just this practical application of her innumerable ideas. "When Candide," says Heine himself, "came to Eldorado, he saw in the streets a number of boys who were playing with gold-nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king's children, and he was not a little astonished when he found that in Eldorado gold-nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the school-boys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner, when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astounded at the wealth of ideas which he found in them; but he soon remarked that ideas in Germany are as plentiful as gold-nuggets in Eldorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes, were in reality only common school-boys." Heine was, as he calls himself, a "Child of the French Revolution," an "Initiator," because he vigorously assured the Germans that ideas were not counters or marbles, to be played with for their own sake; because he exhibited in literature modern ideas applied with the utmost freedom, clearness, and originality. And therefore he declared that the great task of his life had been the endeavour to establish a cordial relation between France and Germany. It is because he thus operates a junction between the French spirit and German ideas and German culture, that he founds something new, opens a fresh period, and deserves the attention of criticism far more than the German poets his contemporaries, who merely continue an old period till it expires. It may be predicted that in the literature of other countries, too, the French spirit is destined to make its influence felt as an element,

in alliance with the native spirit, of novelty and movement, as it has made its influence felt in German literature; fifty years hence a critic in the *Cornhill Magazine* will be demonstrating to our grandchildren how the phenomenon has come to pass.

We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's works or Heine's. And the reason is not far to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism—to use the German nickname—which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries; they were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation; they applied freely in literature the then modern ideas—the ideas of the Renaissance and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class whose intelligent sympathy had upheld a Shakspeare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. *He enlargeth a nation*, says Job, *and straiteneth it again*. In the literary movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century the signal attempt to apply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas; but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelley did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature; they could not succeed in it; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation, compared with the literary creation of Shakspeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries? The greatest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in Middle-Age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works; far more solid and complete works than those which Byron and Shelley have left. But their works

have this defect—they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life; they constitute, therefore, *minor currents*, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will be long remembered, long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognized, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature; their names will be greater than their writings; *stat magni nominis umbra*.

Heine's literary good fortune was greater than that of Byron and Shelley. His theatre of operations was Germany, whose Philistinism does not consist in her want of ideas, or in her inaccessibility to ideas, for she teems with them and loves them, but, as I have said, in her feeble and hesitating application of modern ideas to life. Heine's intense modernism, his absolute freedom, his utter rejection of stock classicism and stock romanticism, his bringing all things under the point of view of the nineteenth century, were understood and laid to heart by Germany, through virtue of her immense, tolerant intellectualism, much as there was in all Heine said to affront and wound Germany. The wit and ardent modern spirit of France Heine joined to the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany. This is what makes him so remarkable; his wonderful clearness, lightness, and freedom, united with such power of feeling and width of range. Is there anywhere keener wit than in his story of the French abbé who was his tutor, and who wanted to get from him that *la religion* is French for *der Glaube*: "Six times did he ask me the question: 'Henry, what is *der Glaube* in French?' and six times, and each time with a greater burst of tears, did I answer him—'It is *le crédit*.' And at the seventh time, his face purple with rage, the infuriated examiner screamed out—'It is *la religion*;' and a rain of cuffs descended upon me, and all the other boys burst out laughing. Since that day I have never been able to hear *la religion* mentioned, without feeling a tremor run through my back and my cheeks grow red with shame." Or in that comment on the fate of Professor Saalfeld, who had been addicted to writing furious pamphlets against Napoleon, and who was a professor at Göttingen, a great seat, according to Heine, of pedantry and Philistinism:—"It is curious," says Heine, "the three greatest adversaries of Napoleon have all of them ended miserably. Castlereagh cut his own throat; Louis the Eighteenth rotted upon his throne; and Professor Saalfeld is still a professor at Göttingen." It is impossible to go beyond that.

What wit, again, in that saying which every one has heard: "The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother." But the turn Heine gives to this incomparable saying is not so well known; and it is by that turn he shows himself the born poet he is, full of delicacy and tenderness, of inexhaustible resource, infinitely new and striking:—

And yet, after all, no one can ever tell how things may fall out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill-temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. *But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother*; he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney-corner, where she can tell her fairy stories to the listening children.

Is it possible to touch more delicately and happily both the weakness and the strength of Germany—pedantic, simple, enslaved, free, ridiculous, admirable Germany?

And Heine's verse—his *Lieder*? Oh, the comfort, after dealing with French people of genius, irresistibly impelled to try and express themselves in verse, launching out into a deep which destiny has sown with so many rocks for them,—the comfort of coming to a man of genius, who finds in verse his freest and most perfect expression, whose voyage over the deep of poetry destiny makes smooth! After the rhythm, to us, at any rate, with the German paste in our composition, so deeply unsatisfying, of—

Ah! que me dites-vous, et que vous dit mon âme?
Que dit le ciel à l'aube et la flamme à la flamme?

what a blessing to arrive at rhythms like—

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn—

or—

Siehst sehr sterbeblässig aus,
Doch getrost! du bist zu Haus—

in which one's soul can take pleasure! The magic of Heine's poetical form is incomparable; he chiefly uses a form of old German popular poetry, a ballad form, which has more rapidity and grace than any ballad form of ours; he employs this form with the most exquisite lightness and ease, and yet it has at the same time the inborn fulness, pathos, and old-world charm of all true forms of popular poetry. Thus in Heine's poetry, too, one perpetually blends the impression of French modernism and clearness with that of German sentiment and fulness; and to give this blended impression is, as I have said, Heine's great characteristic. To feel it, one must read him; he gives it in his form as well as in his contents, and by translation I can only reproduce it so far as his contents give it. But even the contents of many of his poems are capable of giving a certain sense of it. Here, for instance, is a poem in which he makes his profession of faith to an innocent beautiful soul, a sort of Gretchen, the child of some simple mining people having their hut among the pines at the foot of the Hartz Mountains, who reproaches him with not holding the old articles of the Christian creed:—

Ah, my child, while I was yet a little boy, while I yet sate upon my mother's knee, I believed in God the Father, who rules up there in Heaven, good and great;

Who created the beautiful earth, and the beautiful men and women thereon; who ordained for sun, moon, and stars their courses.

When I got bigger, my child, I comprehended yet a great deal more than this, and comprehended, and grew intelligent ; and I believe on the Son also ;

On the beloved Son, who loved us, and revealed love to us ; and for his reward, as always happens, was crucified by the people.

Now, when I am grown up, have read much, have travelled much, my heart swells within me, and with my whole heart I believe on the Holy Ghost.

The greatest miracles were of his working, and still greater miracles doth he even now work ; he burst in sunder the oppressor's stronghold, and he burst in sunder the bondsman's yoke.

He heals old death-wounds, and renews the old right ; all mankind are one race of noble equals before him.

He chases away the evil clouds and the dark cobwebs of the brain, which have spoilt love and joy for us, which day and night have loured on us.

A thousand knights, well harnessed, has the Holy Ghost chosen out to fulfil his will, and he has put courage into their souls.

Their good swords flash, their bright banners wave ; what, thou wouldst give much, my child, to look upon such gallant knights ?

Well, on me, my child, look ! kiss me, and look boldly upon me ! one of those knights of the Holy Ghost am I.

One has only to turn over the pages of his *Romancero*—a collection of poems written in the first years of his illness, with his whole power and charm still in them, and not, like his latest poems of all, painfully touched by the air of his *Matrazzen-gruft*, his mattress-grave—to see Heine's width of range ; the most varied figures succeed one another, Rhampsinitus, Edith with the swan neck, Charles the First, Marie Antoinette, King David, a heroine of *Mabille*, Melisanda of Tripoli, Richard Cœur de Lion, Pedro the Cruel, Firdusi, Cortes, Dr. Döllinger ; but never does Heine attempt to be *hübsch objectiv*, "beautifully objective," to become in spirit an old Egyptian, or an old Hebrew, or a Middle-Age knight, or a Spanish adventurer, or an English royalist ; he always remains Heinrich Heine, a son of the nineteenth century. To give you a notion of his tone I will quote a few stanzas at the end of the *Spanish Atridæ*, in which he describes, in the character of a visitor at the court of Henry of Transtamare at Segovia, Henry's treatment of the children of his brother, Pedro the Cruel. Don Diego Albuquerque, his neighbour, strolls after dinner through the castle with him :—

In the cloister-passage, which leads to the kennels where are kept the king's hounds, that with their growling and yelping let you know a long way off where they are,

There I saw, built into the wall, and with a strong iron grating for its outer face, a cell like a cage.

Two human figures sate therein, two young boys ; chained by the leg, they crouched in the dirty straw.

Hardly twelve years old seemed the one, the other not much older ; their faces fair and noble, but pale and wan with sickness.

They were all in rags, almost naked ; and their lean bodies showed wounds, the marks of ill-usage ; both of them shivered with fever.

They looked up at me out of the depth of their misery : " Who," I cried in horror to Don Diego, " are these pictures of wretchedness ? "

Don Diego seemed embarrassed ; he looked round to see that no one was listening ; then he gave a deep sigh, and at last, putting on the easy tone of a man of the world, he said :

"These are a pair of king's sons, who were early left orphans; the name of their father was King Pedro, the name of their mother Maria de Padilla.

"After the great battle of Navarette, when Henry of Transtamare had relieved his brother, King Pedro, of the troublesome burden of the crown,

"And likewise of that still more troublesome burden, which is called life, then Don Henry's victorious magnanimity had to deal with his brother's children.

"He has adopted them, as an uncle should; and he has given them free quarters in his own castle.

"The room which he has assigned to them is certainly rather small, but then it is cool in summer, and not intolerably cold in winter.

"Their fare is rye bread, which tastes as sweet as if the goddess Ceres had baked it express for her beloved Proserpine.

"Not unfrequently, too, he sends a scullion to them with garbanzos, and then the young gentlemen know that it is Sunday in Spain.

"But it is not Sunday every day, and garbanzos do not come every day; and the master of the hounds gives them the treat of his whip.

"For the master of the hounds, who has under his superintendence the kennels and the pack, and the nephews' cage also,

"Is the unfortunate husband of that lemon-faced woman with the white ruff, whom we remarked to-day at dinner.

"And she scolds so sharp, that often her husband snatches his whip, and rushes down here, and gives it to the dogs and to the poor little boys.

"But his majesty has expressed his disapproval of such proceedings, and has given orders that for the future his nephews are to be treated differently from the dogs.

"He has determined no longer to entrust the disciplining of his nephews to a mercenary stranger, but to carry it out with his own hands."

Don Diego stopped abruptly; for the seneschal of the castle joined us, and politely expressed his hope that we had dined to our satisfaction.

Observe how the irony of the whole of that, finishing with the grim innuendo of the last stanza but one, is at once truly masterly and truly modern.

No account of Heine is complete which does not notice the Jewish element in him. His race he treated with the same freedom with which he treated everything else, but he derived a great force from it, and no one knew this better than he himself. He has excellently pointed out how in the sixteenth century there was a double renaissance—a Hellenic renaissance and a Hebrew renaissance—and how both have been great powers ever since. He himself had in him both the spirit of Greece and the spirit of Judea; both these spirits reach the infinite, which is the true goal of all poetry and all art—the Greek spirit by beauty, the Hebrew spirit by sublimity. By his perfection of literary form, by his love of clearness, by his love of beauty, Heine is Greek; by his intensity, by his untamableness, by his "longing which cannot be uttered," he is Hebrew. Yet what Hebrew ever treated the things of the Hebrews like this?—

There lives at Hamburg, in a one-roomed lodging in the Baker's Broad Walk, a man whose name is Moses Lump; all the week he goes about in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn his few shillings; but when on Friday evening he comes home, he finds the candlestick with seven candles lighted, and the table covered with a fair white cloth, and he puts away from him his pack and his cares, and he sits down to table with his squinting wife and yet more squinting daughter, and eats fish with them, fish which has been dressed in beautiful white garlic-sauce, sings therewith the

grandest psalms of King David, rejoices with his whole heart over the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt, rejoices, too, that all the wicked ones who have done the children of Israel harm, have ended by taking themselves off; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and all such people are well dead, while he, Moses Lump, is yet alive, and eating fish with wife and daughter; and I can tell you, Doctor, the fish is delicate and the man is happy, he has no call to torment himself about culture, he sits contented in his religion and in his green bed-gown, like Diogenes in his tub, he contemplates with satisfaction his candles, which he on no account will snuff for himself; and I can tell you, if the candles burn a little dim, and the snuffers-woman, whose business it is to snuff them, is not at hand, and Rothschild the Great were at that moment to come in, with all his brokers, bill-discounters, agents, and chief clerks, with whom he conquers the world, and Rothschild were to say, "Moses Lump, ask of me what favour you will, and it shall be granted you;"—Doctor, I am convinced, Moses Lump would quietly answer, "Snuff me those candles!" and Rothschild the great would exclaim with admiration, "If I were not Rothschild, I would be Moses Lump."

There Heine shows us his own people by its comic side; in the poem of the *Princess Sabbath* he shows it to us by a more serious side. The Princess Sabbath, "the tranquil Princess, pearl and flower of all beauty, fair as the Queen of Sheba, Solomon's bosom friend, that blue-stocking from Ethiopia who wanted to shine by her *esprit*, and with her wise riddles made herself in the long run a bore" (with Heine the sarcastic turn is never far off), this princess has for her betrothed a prince whom sorcery has transformed into an animal of lower race, the Prince Israel.

A dog with the desires of a dog, he wallows all the week long in the filth and refuse of life, amidst the jeers of the boys in the street.

But every Friday evening, at the twilight hour, suddenly the magic passes off, and the dog becomes once more a human being.

A man with the feelings of a man, with head and heart raised aloft, in festal garb, in almost clean garb, he enters the halls of his Father.

"Hail, beloved halls of my royal Father! Ye tents of Jacob, I kiss with my lips your holy door-posts!"

Still more he shows us this serious side in his beautiful poem on Jehuda ben Halevy, a poet belonging to "the great golden age of the Arabian, Old-Spanish, Jewish school of poets," a contemporary of the troubadours:—

He, too, the hero whom we sing, Jehuda ben Halevy, too, had his lady-love; but she was of a special sort.

She was no Laura, whose eyes, mortal stars, in the cathedral on Good Friday kindled that world-renowned flame.

She was no *châtelaine*, who in the blooming glory of her youth presided at tournaments, and awarded the victor's crown.

No casuistess in the Gay Science was she, no lady doctrinaire, who delivered her oracles in the judgment-chamber of a Court of Love.

She, whom the Rabbi loved, was a wobegone poor darling, a mourning picture of desolation; and her name was Jerusalem.

Jehuda ben Halevy, like the Crusaders, makes his pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and there, amid the ruins, sings a song of Zion which has become famous among his people:—

That lay of pearly tears is the wide-famed Lament, which is sung in all the scattered tents of Jacob throughout the world,

On the ninth day of the month which is called Ab, on the anniversary of Jerusalem's destruction by Titus Vespasianus.

Yes, that is the song of Sion, which Jehuda ben Halevy sang with his dying breath amid the holy ruins of Jerusalem.

Barefoot, and in penitential weeds, he sate there upon the fragment of a fallen column ; down to his breast fell,

Like a grey forest, his hair ; and cast a weird shadow on the face which looked out through it, his troubled pale face, with the spiritual eyes.

So he sate and sang, like unto a seer out of the fore-time to look upon : Jeremiah, the Ancient, seemed to have risen out of his grave.

But a bold Saracen came riding that way, aloft on his barb, lolling in his saddle, and brandishing a naked javelin ;

Into the breast of the poor singer he plunged his deadly shaft, and shot away like a winged shadow.

Quietly flowed the Rabbi's life-blood, quietly he sang his song to an end ; and his last dying sigh was Jerusalem !

Nor must Heine's sweetest note be unheard—his plaintive note, his note of melancholy. Here is a strain which came from him as he lay, in the winter night, on his "mattress-grave" at Paris, and let his thoughts wander to Germany, "the great child, entertaining herself with her Christmas-tree." "Thou tookest,"—he cries to the German exile—

Thou tookest thy flight towards sunshine and happiness ; naked and poor returnest thou back. German truth, German shirts,—one gets them worn to tatters in foreign parts.

Deadly pale are thy looks, but take comfort, thou art at home ; one lies warm in German earth, warm as by the old pleasant fireside.

Many a one, alas ! became crippled, and could get home no more : longingly he stretches out his arms ; God have mercy upon him !

God have mercy upon him ! for what remain of the days of the years of his life are few and evil. "Can it be that I still actually exist ? My body is so shrunk that there is hardly anything of me left but my voice, and my bed makes me think of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which is in the forest of Broceliand in Brittany, under high oaks whose tops shine like green flames to heaven. Ah, I envy thee those trees, brother Merlin, and their fresh waving ; for over my mattress-grave here in Paris no green leaves rustle ; and early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding, and the jingle of the piano. A grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed, who have no longer any need to spend money, or to write letters, or to compose books. What a melancholy situation !"

He died, and has left a blemished name ; with his crying faults, his intemperate susceptibility, his unscrupulousness in passion, his inconceivable attacks on his enemies, his still more inconceivable attacks upon his friends, his want of generosity, his sensuality, his incessant mocking, how could it be otherwise ? Not only was he not one of Mr. Carlyle's "respectable" people, he was profoundly disresponsible ; and not even the merit of not being a Philistine can make up for a man's being that. To his intellectual deliverance there was an addition of something else

wanting, and that something else was something immense; the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance. Goethe says that he was deficient in *love*; to me his weakness seems to be not so much a deficiency in love as a deficiency in self-respect, in true dignity of character. But on this negative side of one's criticism of a man of great genius, I for my part, when I have once clearly marked that this negative side is and must be there, have no pleasure in dwelling. I prefer to say of Heine something positive. He is not an adequate interpreter of the modern world. He is only a brilliant soldier in the war of liberation of humanity. But, such as he is, he is (and posterity too, I am quite sure, will say this), in the European literature of that quarter of a century which follows the death of Goethe, incomparably the most important figure.

What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry, is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none! Look at Byron, that Byron whom the present generation of Englishmen are forgetting; Byron, the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, I cannot but think, which has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare. And what became of this wonderful production of nature? He shattered himself, he inevitably shattered himself to pieces, against the huge black, cloud-topped, interminable precipice of British Philistinism. But Byron, it may be said, was eminent only by his genius, only by his inborn force and fire; he had not the intellectual equipment of a supreme modern poet; except for his genius he was an ordinary nineteenth-century English nobleman, with little culture and with no ideas. Well, then, look at Heine. Heine had all the culture of Germany; in his head fermented all the ideas of modern Europe. And what have we got from Heine? A half-result, for want of moral balance, and of nobleness of soul and character. That is what I say; there is so much power, so many seem able to run well, so many give promise of running well; so few reach the goal, so few are chosen. *Many are called, few chosen.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

On a Medal of George the Fourth.

BEFORE me lies a coin bearing the image and superscription of King George IV., and of the nominal value of two-and-sixpence. But an official friend at a neighbouring turnpike says the piece is hopelessly bad; and a chemist tested it, returning a like unfavourable opinion. A cabman, who had brought me from a club, left it with the club porter, appealing to the gent who gave it a pore cabby, at ever so much o'clock of a rainy night, which he hoped he would give him another. I have taken that cabman at his word. He has been provided with a sound coin. The bad piece is on the table before me, and shall have a hole drilled through it, as soon as this essay is written, by a loyal subject who does not desire to deface the Sovereign's fair image, but to protest against the rascal who has taken her name in vain. *Fid. Def.*, indeed! Is this what you call defending the faith? You dare to forge your Sovereign's name, and pass your scoundrel pewter as her silver? I wonder who you are, wretch and most consummate trickster? This forgery is so complete that even now I am deceived by it—I can't see the difference between the base and sterling metal. Perhaps this piece is a little lighter;—I don't know. A little softer:—is it? I have not bitten it, not being a connoisseur in the tasting of pewter or silver. I take the word of three honest men, though it goes against me: and though I have given two-and-sixpence worth of honest consideration for the counter, I shall not attempt to implicate anybody else in my misfortune, or transfer my ill-luck to a deluded neighbour.

I say the imitation is so curiously successful, the stamping, milling of the edges, lettering, and so forth, are so neat, that even now, when my eyes are open, I cannot see the cheat. How did those experts, the cabman, and pikeman, and tradesman, come to find it out? How do they happen to be more familiar with pewter and silver than I am? You see, I put out of the question another point which I might argue without fear of defeat, namely, the cabman's statement that I gave him this bad piece of money. Suppose every cabman who took me a shilling fare were to drive away and return presently with a bad coin and an assertion that I had given it to him? This would be absurd and mischievous; an encouragement of vice amongst men who already are subject to temptations. Being *homo*, I think if I were a cabman myself, I might sometimes stretch a furlong or two in my calculations of distance. But don't come *twice*, my man, and tell me I have given you a bad half-crown. No, no! I have paid once like a gentleman, and once is enough. For instance, during the Exhibition time I was stopped by an old country-woman in black, with a huge

umbrella, who, bursting into tears, said to me, "Master, be this the way to Harlow, in Essex?" "This the way to Harlow? This is the way to Exeter, my good lady, and you will arrive there if you walk about 170 miles in your present direction," I answered courteously, replying to the old creature. Then she fell a-sobbing as though her old heart would break. She had a daughter a-dying at Harlow. She had walked already "vifty dree mile" that day. Tears stopped the rest of her discourse, so artless, genuine, and abundant that—I own the truth—I gave her, in I believe genuine silver, a piece of the exact size of that coin which forms the subject of this essay. Well. About a month since, near to the very spot where I had met my old woman, I was accosted by a person in black, a person in a large draggled cap, a person with a huge umbrella, who was beginning, "I say, master, can you tell me if this be the way to Har—" but here she stopped. Her eyes goggled wildly. She started from me, as Macbeth turned from Macduff. She would not engage with me. It was my old friend of Harlow, in Essex. I daresay she has informed many other people of her daughter's illness, and her anxiety to be put upon the right way to Harlow. Not long since a very gentleman-like man, Major Delamere let us call him (I like the title of Major very much), requested to see me, named a dead gentleman who he said had been our mutual friend, and on the strength of this mutual acquaintance, begged me to cash his check for five pounds!

It is these things, my dear sir, which serve to make a man cynical. I do conscientiously believe that had I cashed the Major's cheque, there would have been a difficulty about payment on the part of the respected bankers on whom he drew. On your honour and conscience, do you think that old widow who was walking from Tunbridge Wells to Harlow had a daughter ill, and was an honest woman at all? The daughter couldn't always, you see, be being ill, and her mother on her way to her dear child through Hyde Park. In the same way some habitual sneerers may be inclined to hint that the cabman's story was an invention—or at any rate, choose to ride off (so to speak) on the doubt. No. My opinion, I own, is unfavourable as regards the widow from Tunbridge Wells, and Major Delamere; but, believing the cabman was honest, I am glad to think he was not injured by the reader's most humble servant.

What a queer, exciting life this rogue's march must be: this attempt of the bad half-crowns to get into circulation! Had my distinguished friend the Major knocked at many doors that morning, before operating on mine? The sport must be something akin to the pleasure of tiger or elephant hunting. What ingenuity the sportsman must have in tracing his prey—what daring and caution in coming upon him! What coolness in facing the angry animal (for, after all, a man on whom you draw a cheque *à bout portant* will be angry). What a delicious thrill of triumph, if you can bring him down! If I have money at the banker's and draw for a portion of it over the counter, that is mere prose—any dolt can do that. But, having no balance, say, I drive up in a cab, present a cheque at

Coutts's, and, receiving the amount, drive off? What a glorious morning's sport that has been! How superior in excitement to the common transactions of every-day life! . . . I must tell a story; it is against myself, I know, but it *will* out, and perhaps my mind will be the easier.

More than twenty years ago, in an island remarkable for its verdure, I met four or five times one of the most agreeable companions with whom I have passed a night. I heard that evil times had come upon this gentleman; and, overtaking him in a road near my own house one evening, I asked him to come home to dinner. In two days, he was at my door again. At breakfast-time was this second appearance. He was in a cab (of course he was in a cab, they always are, these unfortunate, these courageous men). To deny myself was absurd. My friend could see me over the parlour blinds, surrounded by my family, and cheerfully partaking the morning meal. Might he have a word with me? and can you imagine its purport? By the most provoking delay—his uncle the admiral not being able to come to town till Friday—would I cash him a cheque? I need not say it would be paid on Saturday without fail. I tell you that man went away with money in his pocket, and I regret to add that his gallant relative has not *come to town yet!*

Laying down the pen, and sinking back in my chair, here, perhaps, I fall into a five minutes' reverie, and think of one, two, three, half-a-dozen cases in which I have been content to accept that sham promissory coin in return for sterling money advanced. Not a reader, whatever his age, but could tell a like story. I vow and believe there are men of fifty, who will dine well to-day, who have not paid their school debts yet, and who have not taken up their long-protested promises to pay. Tom, Dick, Harry, my boys, I owe you no grudge, and rather relish that wince with which you will read these meek lines and say, "He means me." Poor Jack in Hades! Do you remember a certain pecuniary transaction, and a little sum of money you borrowed "until the meeting of Parliament?" Parliament met often in your lifetime: Parliament has met since: but I think I should scarce be more surprised if your ghost glided into the room now, and laid down the amount of our little account, than I should have been if you had paid me in your lifetime with the actual acceptances of the Bank of England. You asked to borrow, but you never intended to pay. I would as soon have believed that a promissory note of Sir John Falstaff (accepted by Messrs. Bardolph and Nym, and payable in Aldgate,) would be as sure to find payment, as that note of the departed—nay, lamented—Jack Thriftless.

He who borrows, meaning to pay, is quite a different person from the individual here described. Many—most, I hope—took Jack's promise for what it was worth—and quite well knew that when he said, "Lend me," he meant "Give me" twenty pounds. "Give me change for this half-crown," said Jack; I know it's a pewter piece, and you gave him the change in honest silver, and pocketed the counterfeit gravely.

What a queer consciousness that must be which accompanies such a

man in his sleeping, in his waking, in his walk through life, by his fire-side with his children round him! "For what we are going to receive," &c.—he says grace before his dinner. "My dears! Shall I help you to some mutton? I robbed the butcher of the meat. I don't intend to pay him. Johnson, my boy, a glass of champagne? Very good, isn't it? Not too sweet. Forty-six. I get it from So-and-so, whom I intend to cheat." As eagles go forth and bring home to their eaglets the lamb or the pavid kid, I say there are men who live and victual their nests by plunder. We all know highway robbers in white neckcloths, domestic bandits, marauders, passers of bad coin. What was yonder cheque which Major Delamere proposed I should cash but a piece of bad money? What was Jack Thriftless's promise to pay? Having got his booty, I fancy Jack or the Major returning home, and wife and children gathering round about him. Poor wife and children! They respect papa very likely. They don't know he is false coin. Maybe the wife has a dreadful inkling of the truth, and, sickening, tries to hide it from the daughters and sons. Maybe she is an accomplice: herself a brazen forgery. If Turpin and Jack Sheppard were married, very likely Mesdames Sheppard and Turpin did not know, at first, what their husbands' real profession was, and fancied, when the men left home in the morning, they only went away to follow some regular and honourable business. Then a suspicion of the truth may have come: then a dreadful revelation: and presently we have the guilty pair robbing together, or passing forged money each on his own account. You know Doctor Dodd? I wonder whether his wife knows that he is a forger, and scoundrel? Has she had any of the plunder, think you, and were the darling children's new dresses bought with it? The Doctor's sermon last Sunday was certainly charming, and we all cried. Ah, my poor Dodd! Whilst he is preaching most beautifully, pocket-handkerchief in hand, he is peering over the pulpit cushions, looking out piteously for Messrs. Peachum and Lockit from the police-office. By Doctor Dodd you understand I would typify the rogue of respectable exterior, not committed to gaol yet, but not undiscovered. We all know one or two such. This very sermon perhaps will be read by some, or more likely—for, depend upon it, your solemn hypocritic scoundrels don't care much for light literature—more likely, I say, this discourse will be read by some of their wives, who think, "Ah mercy! does that horrible cynical wretch know how my poor husband blacked my eye, or abstracted mamma's silver teapot, or forced me to write So-and-so's name on that piece of stamped paper, or what not?" My good creature, I am not angry with *you*. If your husband has broken your nose, you will vow that he had authority over your person, and a right to demolish any part of it: if he has conveyed away your mamma's teapot, you will say that she gave it to him at your marriage, and it was very ugly, and what not: if he takes your aunt's watch, and you love him, you will carry it ere long to the pawnbroker's, and perjure yourself—oh, how you will perjure yourself—in the witness-box! I know this is a degrading view of woman's noble nature, her exalted

mission, and so forth, and so forth. I know you will say this is bad morality. Is it? Do you, or do you not, expect your womankind to stick by you for better or for worse? Say I have committed a forgery, and the officers come in search of me, is my wife, Mrs. Dodd, to show them into the dining-room, and say, "Pray step in gentlemen! My husband has just come home from church. That bill with my Lord Chesterfield's acceptance, I am bound to own, was never written by his lordship, and the signature is in the doctor's handwriting?" I say, would any man of sense or honour, or fine feeling, praise his wife for telling the truth under such circumstances? Suppose she made a fine grimace, and said, "Most painful as my position is, most deeply as I feel for my William, yet truth must prevail, and I deeply lament to state that the beloved partner of my life *did* commit the flagitious act with which he is charged, and is at this present moment located in the two-pair back, up the chimney, whither it is my duty to lead you." Why, even Dodd himself, who was one of the greatest humbugs who ever lived, would not have had the face to say that he approved of his wife telling the truth in such a case. Would you have had Flora Macdonald beckon the officers, saying, "This way, gentlemen! You will find the young chevalier asleep in that cavern." Or don't you prefer her to be *splendide mendax*, and ready at all risks to save him? If ever I lead a rebellion, and my women betray me, may I be hanged but I will not forgive them: and if ever I steal a teapot, and my women don't stand up for me, pass the articles under their shawls, whisk down the street with it, outbluster the policeman, and utter any amount of fibs before Mr. Beak; those beings are not what I take them to be, and—for a fortune—I won't give them so much as a bad half-crown.

Is conscious guilt a source of unmixed pain to the bosom which harbours it? Has not your criminal, on the contrary, an excitement, an enjoyment within quite unknown to you and me who never did anything wrong in our lives? The housebreaker must snatch a fearful joy as he walks unchallenged by the policeman with his sack full of spoons and tankards. Do not cracksmen, when assembled together, entertain themselves with stories of glorious old burglaries which they or bygone heroes have committed? But that my age is mature and my habits formed, I should really just like to try a little criminality. Fancy passing a forged bill to your banker; calling on a friend and sweeping his sideboard of plate, his hall of umbrellas and coats; and then going home to dress for dinner, say—and to meet a bishop, a judge, and a police magistrate or so, and talk more morally than any man at table! How I should chuckle (as my host's spoons clinked softly in my pocket) whilst I was uttering some noble speech about virtue, duty, charity! I wonder do we meet garotters in society? In an average tea-party, now, how many returned convicts are there? Does John Footman, when he asks permission to go and spend the evening with some friends, pass his time in thuggee; waylay and strangle an old gentleman or two; let himself into your house, with

the house-key of course, and appear as usual with the shaving-water when you ring your bell in the morning? The very possibility of such a suspicion invests John with a new and romantic interest in my mind. Behind the grave politeness of his countenance I try and read the lurking treason. Full of this pleasing subject, I have been talking thief-stories with a neighbour. The neighbour tells me how some friends of her's used to keep a jewel-box under a bed in their room; and, going into the room, they thought they heard a noise under the bed. They had the courage to look. The cook was under the bed—under the bed with the jewel-box. Of course she said she had come for purposes connected with her business; but this was absurd. A cook under a bed is not there for professional purposes. A relation of mine had a box containing diamonds under her bed, which diamonds she told me were to be mine. Mine! One day, at dinner-time, between the entrées and the roast, a cab drove away from my relative's house containing the box wherein lay the diamonds. John laid the dessert, brought the coffee, waited all the evening—and oh, how frightened he was when he came to learn that his mistress's box had been conveyed out of her own room, and it contained diamonds—"Law bless us, did it now?" I wonder whether John's subsequent career has been prosperous? Perhaps the gentlemen from Bow Street were all in the wrong when they agreed in suspecting John as the author of the robbery. His noble nature was hurt at the suspicion. You conceive he would not like to remain in a family where they were mean enough to suspect him of stealing a jewel-box out of a bed-room—and the injured man and my relatives soon parted. But, inclining (with my usual cynicism) to think that he did steal the valuables, think of his life for the month or two whilst he still remains in the service! He shows the officers over the house, agrees with them that the *coup* must have been made by persons familiar with it; gives them every assistance; pities his master and mistress with a manly compassion; points out what a cruel misfortune it is to himself as an honest man, with his living to get and his family to provide for, that this suspicion should fall on him. Finally, he takes leave of his place, with a deep though natural melancholy that ever he had accepted it. What's a thousand pounds to gentlefolks? A loss certainly, but they will live as well without the diamonds as with them. But to John his Honour was worth more than diamonds, his Honour was. Whoever is to give him back his character? Who is to prevent any one from saying, "Ho yes. This is the butler which was in the family where the diamonds was stole?" &c.

I wonder has John prospered in life subsequently? If he is innocent, he does not interest me in the least. The interest of the case lies in John's behaviour supposing him to be guilty. Imagine the smiling face, the daily service, the orderly performance of duty, whilst within John is suffering pangs lest discovery should overtake him. Every bell of the door which he is obliged to open may bring a police officer. The accomplices may peach. What an exciting life John's must have been

for a while. And now, years and years after, when pursuit has long ceased, and detection is impossible, does he ever revert to the little transaction? Is it possible those diamonds cost a thousand pounds? What a rogue the fence must have been who only gave him so and so! And I pleasingly picture to myself an old ex-butler and an ancient receiver of stolen goods meeting and talking over this matter, which dates from times so early that the Queen's fair image could only just have begun to be coined or forged.

I choose to take John at the time when his little peccadillo is suspected, perhaps, but when there is no specific charge of robbery against him. He is not yet convicted: he is not even on his trial; how then can we venture to say he is guilty? Now think what scores of men and women walk the world in a like predicament; and what false coin passes current! Pinchbeck strives to pass off his history as sound coin. He knows it is only base metal, washed over with a thin varnish of learning. Poluphloisbos puts his sermons in circulation: sounding brass, lackered over with white metal, and marked with the stamp and image of piety. What say you to Drawcansir's reputation as a military commander? to Tibbs's pretensions to be a fine gentleman? to Sapphira's claims as a poetess, or Rodoessa's as a beauty? His bravery, his piety, high birth, genius, beauty—each of these deceivers would palm his falsehood on us, and have us accept his forgeries as sterling coin. And we talk here, please to observe, of weaknesses rather than crimes. Some of us have more serious things to hide than a yellow cheek behind a raddle of rouge, or a white poll under a wig of jetty curls. You know, neighbour, there are not only false teeth in this world, but false tongues: and some make up a bust and an appearance of strength with padding, cotton, and what not; while another kind of artist tries to take you in by wearing under his waistcoat, and perpetually thumping, an immense sham heart. Dear sir, may yours and mine be found, at the right time, of the proper size and in the right place.

And what has this to do with half-crowns, good or bad? Ah, friend! may our coin, battered, and clipped, and defaced though it be, be proved to be Sterling Silver on the day of the Great Assay!

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